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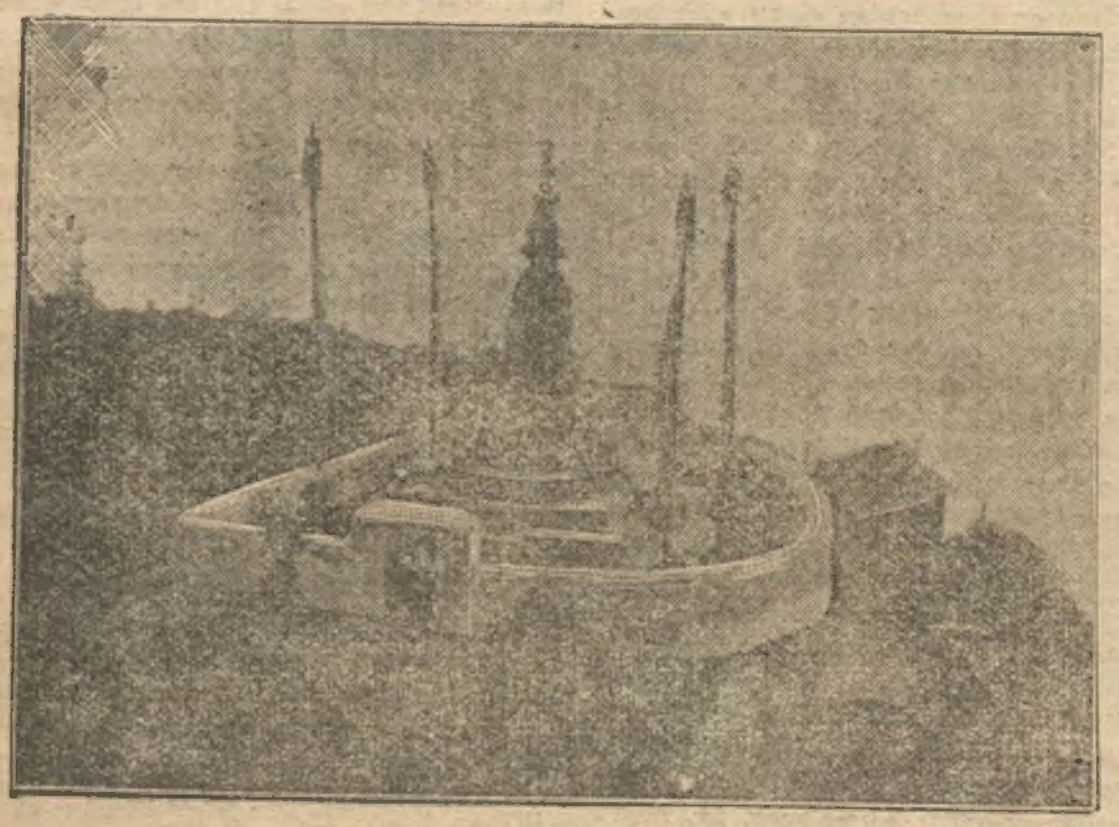
A Trip to the Himalayas

(By Rev. Homer Wroten, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

There are many reasons why Europeans and Americans living in India desire to get a vacation in the hills and mountains during the hot season. Of course, the first and principal one is to escape a few weeks of intense heat. Seven months of withering heat, with little variation of temperature, thins the blood, takes away energy and ambition, ruins the appetite. Sleepless nights and sweltering days soon take the tint from the most rosy cheeks, and make the least exertion a burden. And then the plains are plains indeed, with not even the variation of the most level western prairie. The rivers move very sluggishly for hundreds of miles. Railways can be built in some places, for 500 miles without cut or fill. Not many English speaking people can tolerate the monotony of such a landscape without a keen desire to see something resembling their native hills.



A THIBETAN TOMB IN THE HIMALAYAS.

The Himalayan mountain range runs across northern India, east and west, and a line dropped due south from Darjeeling, the mountain resort nearest Mt. Everest, would reach Calcutta in about 500 miles. I started for Darjeeling, or a small station not far from it, May 17, intending to remain two or three weeks. The trip to the heights is worth the time and money of any sightseer, no matter of what he may boast of having seen before. I never shall forget the impression made upon my weary brain and body with the first sight of the awful grandeur of that mountain range. I had ridden all night through the stuffy atmosphere of the lowlands, and, with the breaking of the morning a whif of mountain air came through my open car window. I fancy it was like the sound of chariot wheels to a Roman charger, or the smell of blood to a famishing tiger. That cool, balmy, fragrant breeze sent a tingling sensation along my nerves, thrilling me through and through. A little later, when the rugged peaks burst into view, I could have cried for joy. To anyone unfamiliar with such an experience, it is altogether indescribable. It is strange, but true, that where the plain ends the mountains begin. The change is quite abrupt.

One of the most daring and skilful engineering feats is the little narrow-gauge railway from Siliguri, the last station on the plains, to Darjeeling—about 7,000 feet above sea-level. In about forty miles this grade of nearly 7,000 feet is made. The whole affair looks like a toy, but it succeeds in getting passengers and freight to the desired elevation. The little carriages seat but twelve persons. The sides are open, to allow free view, so that baggage needs careful attention, or it may take a header over the precipice, saying good-bye to the traveller forever. It is one step only from the seat to the ground, and the speed is often so slow that lads along the way jump on and ride until driven off. The miniature engine screams with all the vehemence of a larger breed, and starts off puffing with all the braggadocio of a Mogul.

Slowly we rattle along into the jungle, and out again into the sunshine, curving this way and turning that, until the train, like a cat, seems to be playing with its own tail; round and round some hill-top like a spiral, and then turning off across a gorge above its lower path to an adjoining hill; up, up the mountain side, and sometimes stopping to back up a grade, and again make a new start from a higher point, forming the letter 'z'—right up into the clouds and into the cool air. Starting with thinnest coat, soon a heavier one is necessary, until, finally, an overcoat is not at all uncomfortable. For someone more familiar with botany and natural history than I am this trip would give ample material for a book. The variety in flora and fauna is noticeable even to a novice like myself. Flowers and plants and trees, animals and birds and insects, all change.

As I ramble about the mountains I am forced to chide myself often for not having studied plant and animal life more thoroughly. Ferns of all descriptions grow everywhere in the dense shade on the mountain sides—even the fern tree, which is just now very beautiful with its new season canopy. Mosses and li-

A LOOP OF THE NARROW GAUGE ROAD ON THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.

chens on rocks and trees; stag moss growing out by the mountain paths, and finer varieties hanging from the limbs and branches of all the trees. Vines winding about the tree trunks and creepers feeling their way among the leaves. And such lovely orchids!—in some places blooming on the trees to the very tip-top. As soon as one variety ceases to flower another comes into season—cherry blossoms, white clover, jack-in-the-pulpit and other kinds known at home. A kind of yellow raspberry grows in wild profusion, and forms a pleasing change of diet to the visitor from some large city. The cuckoo wakes us in the morning, and we continually hear the weird call of an owl peculiar to the Himalayan Mountains. Several kinds of wrens, with songs much like I have heard in American forests, and various other songsters, the like of which I never saw or heard before. Best of all, there are no mosquitoes to sing us to sleep, and then rob us of extra blood. No one can appreciate this absence like those who have dwelt a season or two in Calcutta, or in the swampy districts of Bengal. In these mountain fastnesses arise the waters which finally form one of the greatest rivers in the world. There is a place from which we can see through the gorges between the mountains away down onto the plain below, where the river winds its tortuous course through Bengal. In the smoke and haze it is lost in the distance many, many miles away. When I stood and looked I could understand somewhat the prospect which Moses enjoyed from Pisgah's top, looking over into the Promised Land. Twenty feet from the door of the room in which I am sitting the precipice breaks and falls a sheer thousand feet or more, and from my very window I can see the Tista river on its way to join the sacred Ganges. As I came up the railway line and peered over into some of the frightful abysses, I had to clutch the iron railing involuntarily.

The people living about deserve a word or two, for they are quite dissimilar to those of other parts of India. Two independent provinces—Nepal and Bhutan—came together in the vicinity of Darjeeling. Assam is southeast and Thibet is farther north. The people we see are either Bhutiers or Nepalese. Their color is between brown and yellow, and the features are half Indian and half Chinese. On the great divide between India and China they must be called strictly a mixed race. Wide faces, high cheeks, sleepy, half-closed eyes, flat nose and wiry black hair. Bodies are small and tough, because of exposure and much climbing. The face, as a rule, is very ugly, and the hut in which they live is the most miserable excuse for a dwelling I have seen in India—far worse than the mud huts of lower Bengal. It will keep out neither water nor cold. The door-yard is only large enough for the half dozen dirty urchins to play in and not fall over the precipice, each house being built on a shelf made in the hillside.

In religion some of them are Hindoos, and some are fetich, or demon, worshippers. Such filthy bodies and clothing would disgust my readers if I should accurately describe them. I do not believe the clothing is ever cleansed from the time it is first put on until worn out—in some cases I doubt if it is taken from the body in that time. The chief occupation seems to be that of coolie for the tea gardens cultivated by English tea planters. For the most part they are very poor, but occasionally a woman is met around whose neck hangs a whole string of coins. Her wealth is her ornaments, and her necklace is her bank. The women work as hard as the men and appear to be about as strong. Cultivating the hillside, picking tea or carrying burdens, she usually has a baby in a basket strapped to her back. They appear able to carry loads like pack mules, and make their way up where no beast of burden could go. The great weight rests on the back with a strap under it and up around the forehead. With the load on they trudge along with head down like a ram about ready to butt something in the way.

I have made two or three attempts to see Mt. Everest, but have failed every time. At this season of the year the southwest monsoon is blowing, and comes up from the Bay of Bengal heavily laden with moisture. Upon striking the cooler atmosphere of these higher altitudes clouds form, and we are thus shut away from the distant scene.

No picture gives any adequate idea of the snow-capped Himalayas. In the distance they appear like ghostly sentinels, forever forbidding approach or exploration. In the gulches down their sides glaciers extend far below the snow line. First the snow appears in patches, and then, without spot or tree, it ascends in one great white peak. Not a bird ever visits those heights. Not a mote ever settles down to sully the purity. No footstep was ever printed there. The traveller stands awe-struck, impressed with his own insignificance, and with the terrible sublimity of the scene.

The Teacher's Sympathy..

Children are wonderfully responsive to sympathy. But it must be sympathy, not pity. A meeting of the whole class at the teacher's home might be arranged for which would be a purely informal and social gathering, with games and books, and yet never without a loving word of counsel and prayer before closing. If the circumstances of the teacher prevent this, as they so often do, could not there be secured some room in connection with their church which might be used in turn by teachers? A small room could be made very convenient and cosy without much expense. But what is still more important is an opportunity for intercourse with individual scholars. An invitation to a teacher's home or room, a Saturday afternoon ramble, a cycle ride, are a few among many ways whereby teacher and scholar may be brought together with blessed and permanent results. Then an occasional letter at an unexpected time might often lead to definite decision. Litera scripta manet, which, being interpreted, means that a word written (and sent by post!) to one, is worth many a word spoken to a whole class.—Rev W. H. Griffith-Thomas.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by encouraging frank good humor. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform even onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make obedience reluctant, subdue him, either by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins.—Michigan 'Advocate.'

It make a difference to most of us how our food is served. The potatoes and meat and all else may be good, but if it be served in slovenly and unattractive form, it may then cause us to turn away in refusal; so with the food of the mind. The teacher who fails to present the lesson in an attractive form is as much to be blamed as the cook, who in like manner presents the food for the body. As it is possible to overload the stomach, so it is possible to overload the mind, and the mind when overloaded does exactly what the stomach does in a similar condition, the deleterious effect upon the one being the same as upon the other. Make the quantity what it should be. Do not attempt to teach too much. Since they are both developed by use, we should teach the pupil to use his powers of mind as carefully as we train him to use his powers of body. Since memory and reason and judgment may be developed by use and become weak from lack of use, the teacher should not fail to call these powers into exercise.—James Edmunds.

A Thanksgiving Song.

(The 'Youth's Companion.')

Happy the days when the cowslips tipped
their caps to the friendly sun,
Happy the days when the merry work of
the year was just begun,
And happy days are these, my love, when
the work of the year is done.

Sweet was the time when showers of
scent from the lilac tops were tossed,
And sweet when the dancing feet of
spring in the summer paths were
lost;
And cheerisome times are these, my love,
when the air is sharp with frost.

The summer wrought with a diligence,
and her needle flashed amain,
Her thread was red with the rosy sun,
and white with the pearls of rain;
And her needle is thrust in a folded case—
the thread is snapped in twain.

The sun is faded—Heigho! What then?
For the fire's heart is clear,
And cellar and storehouse are brimming
full—and have ye then no cheer?
So let her sit in the chimney light and
rest her—the tired year.

Who would wish for the light to last till
it dazzled the weary eye?
Live and give, and carol away when the
winds are piercing and high,
And let the soul of the rose live on, when
its day has drifted by.

The grass will dry and the fruit will fall,
and the sun will slip away,
But the 'merry heart,' it 'doeth good,'
when the days are short and gray,
And the soul that sings in the storm shall
find the true Thanksgiving day.

The successful man of the future will not use tobacco, and the men of the future are in the school-rooms of to-day. Will the teacher be equal to this grand opportunity and guide the young feet until they are landed on the solid ground of steadfast character?

BOYS AND GIRLS

Tea Picking and a Tea-Party in Japan.

(By M. B. Stuart, in 'Good Cheer.')

Although the Japanese have cultivated and used tea for six centuries, it is only within the last forty years that they have exported it to other countries. It is said by the trade to be so popular in this country that nearly half of the tea consumed here comes from 'the Land of the Rising Sun,' 44,000,000 pounds being imported last year. This preference for the Japanese teas is due to their peculiar mildness of odor and taste, many Americans disliking the herby flavor of the Indian and Chinese products.

The shrub is like an orange plant; the leaves are smooth, leathery, dark green in color, and have finely serrated edges. When chewed, they have no more distinctive flavor of tea than a lilac or rose leaf would have. It is the treatment they are subjected to which brings out the precious qualities so desired by tea drinkers.

The tea blossom is a pure white flower with yellow stamens, resembling in shape and size a single white wild rose. It is so fragrant that it is used to scent the higher grades of teas.

The seed-pod is a little like that of the convolvulus; but there are only three seeds to the pod, and instead of a many angled, hard black seed, that of the tea plant is like a tiny brown bean, and yields a valuable oil.

Japanese tea gardens are usually on hill slopes, which are terraced to retain the rains and the enriched soil. The plants are set out in rows, each shrub as symmetrical as if just pruned. Three crops a year are taken, the first yielding the finest quality.

It is a pretty sight to see the tea-pickers at work in one of these plantations. As the labor is light, women and children are employed; and the musmees (young girls) in the striped and flowered kimonos, bright head scarfs, and clogs, stripping each her bush with dexterous brown fingers, and showering the precious leaves into the splint basket at her feet, chatter and sing in their soft, happy voices as if it was all a merry game.

JAPANESE TEA-GATHERERS.

Thirty pounds of green leaves are considered a good day's picking; and as the greatest of care is exercised to avoid injuring the bushes or wasting the leaves, the pickers must work diligently despite their light-heartedness.

Then the return home at eventide of the long string of bright-garbed women and grave, quaint little children carrying their baskets on their backs, is very picturesque. The fresh leaves are taken to the drying houses, where men replace the women, and subject them to an elaborate process to produce the tea of commerce.

A tea party in Japan is a very different function from those you are accustomed to. You are conveyed to your destination through strange, bright streets in a two-wheeled vehicle drawn by a two-legged steed—a blue-clad one, with a reed hat and a painted paper lantern, who will feel well paid at ten cents a mile. He draws up with a flourish before a low, open house standing in a wonderful toy garden of dwarfed trees, crags, lakes, and such features of a varied landscape, diminished to fit a half-acre lot. Your hostess greets you from the raised verandah, kneeling with her forehead touching the matting.

'Irrashai!' she says, in her pretty voice. 'Condescend to enter! You are very welcome!'

So you step from the jinriksha, pay the kurumaya, and slip off your shoes according to Japanese etiquette; though, being a stranger, you must make your debut among the company in your 'stocking feet,' the dainty straw sandals offered you requiring the stocking to be divided at the great toe to accommodate the velvet string.

Madame's daughters now appear, flutter to their knees in respectful greeting, and flutter to their feet again as lightly as birds; and the lady of the house leads you by the hand up a ladderlike staircase to a wide, open chamber.

A smiling musmee brings you a round silken cushion to sit on; another offers you, on a lacquered tray, a tiny brass pipe, and a silken bag of delicate Japanese tobacco, and whether male or female, you are expected to fill the bowl no bigger than an acorn cup, and inhale one fragrant whiff at least.

Then comes 'the honorable tea,' in a squat little pot sitting in a wicker nest; the pale yellow beverage is poured into fairy cups of exquisite ware, fanciful, many-colored cakes are served with it, and 'there you are.'

A Double Thanksgiving.

(M. Louise Ford, in the 'Wellspring.')

'Oh, dear me! I suppose we've got to get ready for that whole tribe of children for Thanksgiving! I'd like to know how 't would seem once to eat somebody else's turkey, and pudding that I didn't have to stone the raisins for.'

Irene was not in a happy frame of mind this morning and attacked the bowlful of raisins before her rather savagely, and her face would not have done her credit had Joe snapped his camera at her just then.

Her mother mildly remonstrated:—

'Christmas turkey and pudding are just as good, my dear, and we have eaten Aunt Clara's many a time. It is no more than fair that we should return the compliment occasionally.'

'Oh, yes, I s'pose so,' replied Irene ungraciously; 'and have cranberry sauce and gravy spilled everywhere, and spend the next day wiping sticky finger marks off of everything. Thanksgiving is a perfect farce; what I shall be thankful for is that it's over.'

'Oh, my daughter, that tongue of yours says many things you do not half mean,

I am sure'; and a pained expression came over Mrs. Walden's face.

Irene saw it and was remorseful at once.

'Mamma, dear!' she exclaimed, throwing both sticky hands about her mother's neck, 'what a horrid creature I am! I've got the blessedest mother in this world, and I don't deserve half I have. After that sickness of yours that so nearly took you away, I'm an ungrateful girl to say one word'; and a hot tear dropped on Mrs. Walden's neck amid the shower of impulsive kisses she received.

Dr. Walden, on his way to the stable, had heard the outburst, and thereupon a suggestion come to him.

After dinner, when all the Tuesday preparations of Thanksgiving week were disposed of, and Irene her own smiling, happy self once more, for her discontent was never more than momentary, he called to her to take a ride with him.

'I have several calls to make, one upon Lila Colby, and perhaps you can cheer her up a bit.'

'Why, what's the matter there now?' questioned Irene in surprise.

'Didn't you hear me say she stepped on a bit of broken glass and cut her foot quite badly? It will be some time before she can step on it again.'

'Why, no; poor thing, after all the trouble she has had, too!' said Irene sympathetically.

She donned her hat at once and seated herself beside her father. It was a real treat to go with him, for she did not often have the opportunity amid study and home duties, which took so much of her time. They chatted together like schoolgirls as they rode along, and the distance to Lila's home seemed very short. Irene looked admiringly at the erect form, with its kind, genial face crowned with white hair, as he passed up the walk before her and, walking in, tapped on the sitting-room door.

'I've brought you a visitor,' he said cheerily to the young girl who had called, 'Come in!'

She smiled delightedly and welcomed Irene with a kiss, saying, 'How good of you to come! I have to be alone so much, for Ida goes out sewing nearly every day now, and I see almost no one, except as the neighbors come in; they are so kind!' she added gratefully, smoothing her black dress with hands that looked unused to hard work.

Dr. Walden attended to his patient, gave instructions as to bandages, etc., and then saying he would call for Irene later, bade them be good girls and 'not talk,' shaking his finger playfully at them and laughing heartily at the absurd idea of leaving two young girls together for an hour and telling them not to talk.

'About you, I suppose you mean, doctor? I'll promise not to say anything very bad,' rejoined Lila, as the door closed after him.

While the others were busily talking, Irene had an opportunity to recall the events of a few short weeks—less than two months in all—in that pleasant little home.

Mr. Colby, returning one day from business in a neighboring town, was thrown from his carriage and so badly injured that, without recovering consciousness, he died within a week. It was a crushing blow to the family, but Mrs. Colby, courageous little woman that she was, bravely took up the burden, and the two daughters clung still closer to their mother.

Then so suddenly came the stroke that took her from them that the poor bewildered girls could but faintly realize all it meant when their home was again desolated and they stood alone to battle with the world. They knew so little of what life means, for heretofore it had been care free and they had been merry schoolgirls. Ida had graduated in the summer and Lila was on her last year in the high school. All they knew of work was what they had learned to do at home, the fond parents little dreaming their girls would need while so young to earn their own living. But so it proved; for when the lawyer, into whose hands fell the settling of the estate, examined the affairs, he found that there was none too much to pay the heavy expenses of the past months, and the house must be sold.

Some of this Lila confided to Irene as the conversation turned from lively to more serious subjects.

'The worst of it is there must be an auction, and everything except what few things we need to furnish a room, must be sold. Isn't that dreadful!' exclaimed Lila, burying her face in her hands and sobbing bitterly. 'It's just terrible to have this thing and that held up for folks to bid on, and hear the remarks made and fun poked at what has always been so dear to you,' she added. 'I've been to auctions just for fun and done the same thing; but that seems ages ago, if it was only last spring!' and the sobs came thick and fast.

Irene threw her arms about her friend and comforted her as best she could. But what could she say to this sad, lonely girl, she whose life was so happy and bright? She could only mingle sympathizing tears with those of her friend, and assure her that her heart ached for her.

'There! I feel better now,' said Lila bravely, smiling through the tears she wiped away. 'It's so hard to be brave all the time, and I do miss my mother so!' and her lips quivered; 'but I try to keep up before Ida, for she has the hardest part. I have to sit still and think, and that's hard, too,' she added. And then with an effort that Irene could see she began to inquire about the schoolgirls and send messages to them, and to talk about the new town hall and the new books in the library, and by the time Dr. Walden returned they were quite merry again.

He came in hurriedly, an anxious expression on his face, saying, 'Be as quick as possible, my dear. I have just heard of an accident on the railway. The down train left the track at Falls Centre, and I must go at once; they will need all the medical help they can get.' So without more words, except a warm good-by kiss and whispered message from Irene, they hurried away.

'I will leave you at the corner and drive as fast as I can; you can explain to mother,' said Dr. Walden. 'I can't tell when I shall return; some time before midnight, I hope'; and giving his precious daughter a loving kiss, he helped her down and drove off at a rapid trot.

Irene was greatly agitated over the news, added to the conversation she had with Lila, and her thoughts were very busy as she hastened towards home.

'Hurrah!' called Joe, her twelve-year-old brother, waving a letter from the top of the gatepost, where he was watching for her. 'Will's coming! We've had a letter, and he's on his way now; the train'll be here in half an hour!' he called jubilantly. 'Where's father?' he questioned in sudden wonder.

Irene stopped short in her rapid walk and grew as white as a sheet.

'O Joe!' she gasped, 'does he say he's coming to-day? Are you sure? I thought it was to-morrow'; and she seized the waving letter frantically.

'Well, what ails you, I'd like to know?' burst out Joe. 'Aren't you glad? I'd think you'd be when Will's been gone since September.'

Irene read the letter with eager, straining eyes, and then ran gasping into the house, Joe following in vague alarm.

'O mother!' she sobbed, 'there's an accident on the down train, and father's gone because he thought there would be need of help, and Will's coming on that train!' and she sank white and trembling upon the lounge.

Mrs. Walden grew pale with sudden fright and staggered, and would have fallen had not Irene sprung to catch her.

'Oh, what have I done?' she cried remorsefully. 'How could I blurt it out so? Quick, Joe, get some water.'

Mrs. Walden quickly revived, but was scarcely less frightened and tremulous than her daughter. She questioned rapidly to learn the facts, but Irene could tell but little. A man had met her father and told him, and he had gone at once, bringing her only part way to save time.

There was nothing to be done but to wait as patiently as possible. Joe was despatched to the postoffice, where there was a telephone; but although a crowd had gathered, little could be learned, except that it was a serious accident and many injured. Two hours of torturing suspense and then a messenger appeared down the road, bearing a yellow envelope. They watched, hoping and fearing. Yes; it was for them! Three terrified faces met him at the door, and breathlessly Mrs. Walden opened the telegram and read:

Lost my train. Meet me at seven o'clock at Wheeler.

Willis Walden.

The sudden relief was almost too much, and they laughed and cried in one breath, and hugged each other in ecstasy, for Wheeler was on another road, and Will was far away from the scene of the accident and on his way to comfort and assure them with his own cheery presence.

It was after six now and the other horse must be harnessed at once, so Joe and Irene repaired to the barn in gay spirits, while Mrs. Walden gathered her scattered senses and began to prepare supper. Irene declared she was the one to go for Will, while Joe claimed his right as well, and so it was decided that both should go as a relief to their feelings after the terrible strain they had all been under.

How splendid Will did look as he stepped upon the platform, a tall, handsome sophomore, with a 'real moustache,' as Joe said, and how they did hug him and squeeze his hands when they were safely out of sight of curious eyes! Irene disgraced herself by breaking down utterly and crying, which was so astonishing to Will that he stared at her in amazement.

'O Will,' she sobbed, 'we have had such a time!'

'There's an accident on the other train,' put in Joe, 'and we thought you were on it.'

'And then your telegram came, and we were so happy we couldn't get here fast enough,' continued Irene, wiping her eyes and crying and laughing all in one breath; and then Will must know all that they knew about the accident. At the close of the narration he exclaimed fervently:

'How thankful I am I lost that train! I was fretting because it would make me later home, for I couldn't wait any better than you could, ducky,' he added with a squeeze of his sister's hand.

They were in the midst of their jubilation, trying to eat supper and rejoice at the same time, when a carriage was heard, and the next moment Dr. Walden walked in. He was surprised to see his eldest son, for his arrival was a day earlier than expected, but welcomed him gladly and then sat down to eat with them.

They plied him with questions, and soon learned that the accident was not as serious as at first supposed. There were several severely injured, but no lives lost; and having done his best to give comfort to the distressed, he had come home to reassure his family, whom he knew must be anxiously waiting to hear. What hours of terrible suspense they had passed he could only imagine when he heard the story, and it was with thankful hearts that they said good night and went to rest at an early hour.

'Mother,' said Irene next morning, 'I hope you've got lots of raisins to stone and citron to chop, and anything else, for I'm pining to work off my thankfulness. This isn't the heartless, ungrateful creature that was round here yesterday morning. Lila Colby was a big enough lesson, and then to have the other on top of that—Oh, do give me something to do, quick!' and she caught her mother in a quick whirl that almost took her breath away.

'Pretty good medicine for that sort of disorder. I must make a note of it,' chuckled Dr. Walden as he passed through the room.

'Ah, there was a method in your madness, I do believe!' exclaimed Irene suddenly, catching the twinkle in his eye. 'You took me to see Lila on purpose; you know you did; but I'm glad of it. I'll forgive you. Do it again when I am bad, will you, pa, dear?' and she caught him around the neck and planted a sounding kiss on his merry face, which he pretended to try to avoid, but enjoyed it, after all.

What a happy Thanksgiving they did have next day. Aunt Clara's lively little brood declared they never had such a good time in their lives, and the private judgment passed after they reached home was: 'Cousin Irene's awful jolly, and did everything she could think of to make us have a good time, and we'll never say another word against her; no, sirree!'

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For Their Faith's Sake.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

(Anna E. Hahn, in 'Good Cheer.')

One chilly fall evening the three members of the Social Committee of the Fulton Endeavor Society were discussing ways and means to promote the social life of their society.

'I think a pleasant evening party would be a nice thing to have, and Thanskgiving evening would be a nice time to have it,' said Hal Brown. 'I mean a real, hearty, enjoyable party, with talk and games and something to eat. My father's vacant store building would be a good place for such a gathering. There would be plenty of room to set tables and play games.'

'And how nice to have a good, old-fashioned Thanksgiving supper!' cried Margy Mains. 'Oyster, roast turkey, mince and pumpkin pie, and all that. Think of that, Helen!'

'But think of the expense,' said Helen, the third member of the committee. 'This is a new Western village, and none of the members of our society are well-to-do, while many are really poor. All the year we've been practicing economy by having "dry feasts," as Hal calls them, and it will be inconsistent to indulge in an expensive supper now, when we are just as poor as ever.'

'Why, Helen Ross,' cried Margy, 'our society surely can afford one supper per annum! Besides, it won't cost much if we plan economically. We can levy a small tax to buy the material, and we girls can do the cooking. We can get up a good supper very cheaply that way.'

And without more ado she wrote out a bill of fare and made a careful estimate of the amount of money needed for it.

'Six dollars will cover all the expense!' she announced triumphantly. 'As we have forty members, a tax of fifteen cents each will furnish us with the sum needed. We can each raise fifteen cents.'

'Of course we can,' said Hal. 'And think of the fun we'll have besides.'

But Helen said soberly, 'Our society has given nothing to missions for a long time. If we raise this money I wish we might give it to them, instead of spending it for a feast for ourselves. It seems to me that on Thanksgiving Day we might undergo that much self-denial for the One who was rich, yet for our sakes became poor.'

But Margy was not willing to deny herself the prospective feast and fun for the sake of missions. She therefore continued to help Hal advocate the party. But, as she went homeward, this text kept recurring to her: 'Whosoever will be my disciple, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me.'

With the exception of Helen, all the members of the society voted for the tax. They had so few feasts and merrymakings that they hailed the prospective party with pleasure, although most of them had a hard time getting their fifteen cents tax.

They all earned it, however, and one morning Hal met Margy just as she was starting to the village, and announced that the entire six dollars was in his possession.

'I'm glad to hear it, for it's time we were buying material for our feast,' replied Margy. 'I'm going to the post-office, then I'll come round by your father's store, and we'll go and ask Helen when she can go marketing.'

Accordingly Hal went to the store and got the six dollars out of his father's safe where he had put it for safe-keeping. It was in a little bag, and being mostly in dimes and nickels jingled merrily.

'Where did you get so much money?' asked a gruff-looking man who was sitting on a cracker box talking with the storekeeper. He was John Carter, a well-to-do farmer who lived near the village. Having no children of his own, he was fond of criticising other people's; so, also, not being a Christian himself, he liked to find fault with those who were. Learning that Hal's money had been given by the young people for a society supper, he said jeeringly:

'All Christians are alike; they think more of their own pleasure and profit than of the good they can do. I'll warrant your society hasn't given six dollars to charity or missions in as many months. No? Well, that's just as I thought. A pretty way to practice your Christianity—money for fun and feasting, but none for your faith's sake. Ha, ha! even the heathen do likewise.'

He laughed mockingly, and to escape his jibes Hal hurried out of the store and went to meet Margy. He found her holding an open letter and looking rather serious.

'It's to me as secretary of our society,' she explained. 'It seems that the young people of the State are supporting a missionary out in the Sand Hills. He goes to and fro in that newly-settled country organizing Sunday schools in lonely prairie school houses, and doing mission work in a large field that otherwise would have no Chrstian worker. Many Endeavor Societies and Sunday schools have already contributed towards his salary, and this letter asks for a contribution from our society.

'We are in a new country, also, and we are also poor,' said Hal. 'I'm not in favor of denying ourselves to give to people who are about as well off as we are. Yet I seem to hear that scoffing John Carter saying again, "Money for your stomach's sake, but none for your faith's sake."'

'And I,' said Margy, 'keep thinking of the text, "If any man would be my disciple, let him deny himself.'

Then they walked on in silence, and finding Helen, gave her the troublesome letter. After reading it, she said, quietly:

'If the other thirty-nine of our society are willing to deny themselves this Thanksgiving supper, and donate their share of the six dollars to this Sand Hills mission work, I'll gladly do the same.'

'I guess three of our society are of the some mind about this matter,' said Hal. 'We'll call a meeting and see what the other thirty-seven think about it. You must be spokesman, Helen, and present the matter in a favorable light.' And she did, ending with,

'To aid in this mission work will cost us a little sacrifice and self-denial. Yet for our faith's sake we can do it.'

A murmur of assent greeted her. These young people were Christians in more than name, and when called upon for their faith's sake were not slow to respond.

Passing the vacant store building on Thanksgiving evening, John Carter saw it glow with light and heard music and laughter. 'Those young Christians are feasting and making merry, showing their

Christianity by self-indulgence,' he thought, mockingly. 'Well, well, it's just as I've always said—there's very little in it.'

He drew near and looked in the window, expecting to see well-laden tables. But what was this? The tables were bare and pushed in a corner out of the way, and there was not a thing to eat in sight except the corn which some boys were popping over the flames of a gasoline stove. Some of the young people were gathered about an organ singing, others were playing games or standing in merry groups, and Hal was going from one to another shaking a double handful of corn and saying, 'Hull-gull-handful, parcel, how many?'

John Carter was troubled, he hardly knew why. The bare tables reproached him, and he hated the sound of the popping corn. Going to the store, he asked Hal's father what had become of the fine supper.

'Oh,' was the reply, 'they had no money for it.'

'But what became of their six dollars?'

'They gave it to mission work out in the Sand Hills. It was their Thanksgiving sacrifice. Let me see, was it you I heard sneering about how little they would do for their faith's sake?'

He asked the question with considerable feeling, for the young people's sacrifice had touched him. It touched John Carter, too and presently he again looked in at the windows of the vacant store. The bare tables still reproached him, and he still hated the sound of the popping corn. He thought of the merry feasts he had enjoyed long ago in his old, far-away boyhood's home, and his heart softened towards these young people before him. Somewhere a voice kept saying: 'For their faith's sake! For their faith's sake!'

'There's more in it than I thought,' he said, huskily, 'There's more in them than I thought, too. They ought to have something better than corn on Thanksgiving evening, and I'll see that they do.'

Presently the happy young people saw coming into their midst, from a near restaurant, several white-aproned men, bearing steaming kettles of oysters and baskets of bowls and spoons, all of which they deposited on the long table. Then from somewhere came a quantity of oranges and apples, and a big kettle was placed on the gasoline stove and filled with choice molasses.

'Now, young folks,' said John Carter, 'you had planned to have something old-fashioned, and you shall have it after all. Eat your oysters and fruit, and then help boil this molasses, and we'll have an old-fashioned candy-pull.'

What an evening that was! They never forgot it. John Carter was the life of it all. But what had so changed him? They could hardly recognize the gruff, scoffing John Carter they had hitherto known in this gentle, genial John Carter of to-night.

When, at a later hour, they prepared to go home, and gathered about him with thanks, he said, softly:

'It's been a pleasant Thanksgiving evening for me as well as for you—the pleasantest I've known for years—and the most thankful. And now I want to confess that I've been mistaken about your faith; there's more in it than I thought. I've been mistaken about Christians, too; there's more in them than I thought. Your Thanksgiving sacrifice has caused me to see things differently. And now will you let me join your society? I'm rather old, I know, but I might be an associate member. Folks never get too old to "endeavor" to be Christians, I'm told.'

A round of glad applause burst from the happy young people, and then and there John Carter was voted a member of their society.

Thanksgiving Eve.

(The 'Congregationalist.')

Hand in hand through the city streets,
As the chill November twilight fell,
Two childish figures walked up and down—
The bootblack Teddie and sister Nell—
With wistful eyes they peer in the shops,
Where dazzling lights from the window shine
On golden products from farm and field,
And luscious fruits from every clime.

'O Teddie,' said Nell, 'let's play to-night
The things are ours, and let's suppose
We can choose whatever we want to eat;
It might be true, perhaps—who knows?'
Two pinched little faces press the pane
And eagerly plan for the morrow's feast
Of dainties their lips will never touch,
Forgetting their hunger a while, at least.

The pavement was cold for shoeless feet;
Ted's jacket was thin; he shivered and said,
'Let's go to a place and choose some clothes.'
'Agreed!' said Nell, and away they sped
To a furrier's shop ablaze with light,
In whose fancied warmth they placed their hands,
And played their scanty garments were changed
For softest furs from far-off lands.

'A grand Thanksgiving we'll have,' cried Nell;
'These make-believe things seem almost true;
I've 'most forgot how hungry I was,
And, Teddie, I'm almost warm. Aren't you?'

O happy hearts, that rejoice to-day
In all the bounty the season brings,
Have pity on those who vainly strive
To be warmed and fed on imaginings.

Not I, But Thou.

(Ida Kays, in the 'Christian Work.')

Mary Adams was usually cheerful and contented, but when she did allow herself to get into a fit of the dumps, it was apt to be quite severe. Just now she was suffering keenly from troubles that some would have deemed imaginary.

Be that as it may, the suffering was very real. She had neither eaten nor slept as usual, her lessons were but half learned, and she avoided her most intimate friends. She had really snubbed Mame Packer, the only girl in the seminary from her own neighborhood, when she came in on Monday to exhibit her new coat. But Mame was too good natured to notice the slight. And how could she, scarce knowing want, understand that a girl who knew little else, might be in an appreciative mood.

She only wondered and went away, leaving Mary to her own reflections.

'Why should she have everything and me nothing? Her old coat is enough better than mine, and I haven't the least idea when I'll get a new one—or dresses, either. Father says if he sends me to school it is all he can do, but I'd almost as soon not come as to look so shabby.

'If I had half what Mame had I'd be satisfied. And her chance here, but she doesn't appreciate it—never has a music lesson—and is to have an elegant piano in the spring, when I want to take music and can't afford it. Everything is all wrong, anyway.'

Yes, surely, things were all wrong for Mary, and they didn't seem to grow any better. Perhaps the girl was homesick. She hadn't been home for almost a month. It was a long drive, and father and the boys were busy in the cornfield.

To be sure, the railway ran near her home, and Mame went every week, but it cost almost a dollar to go and come, and she couldn't afford it. But this week she was going home, for Thursday was Thanksgiving.

'What have I to be thankful for?' thought poor Mary as she lagged behind the other girls rushing down to the dining-hall on Wednesday noon. She wasn't hungry, and she didn't care to hear them discussing their plans for the morrow. Neither did she feel like climbing the long flight of stairs to her own room, so she slipped unobserved into the cloak room.

Dropping onto a seat behind the door, she continued bemoaning her luckless lot.

'They'll all have a good time somewhere. Mame's folks are going to her aunt's in Clifton. We can't go anywhere, nor even have a big dinner. I suppose Uncle Ed's folks will be there, and they'll all be thankful over—nothing. They're like us. All they have an abundance of is children; but I know pa and ma are honestly thankful for them—yes, every last one of us.'

A sudden mist filled Mary's eyes, and through it beamed a row of dear home faces: honest, hard-working father; patient, self-sacrificing mother; Joe and Charley, her loyal subjects; pretty Katie and sweet little Nora; roguish Walt and baby Rex.

Mary acknowledged that not one could be spared. And in a few hours she would be with them again!

She was going home!

For a minute her face lighted, then clouded again.

'Mame will go on the evening train. I'll have to ride in that horrid old cart. I wish we could have a new buggy, I wish I could have a piano, I wish—I wish I had a coat.'

Ah! that new coat had been fuel to a smoldering flame. And such a trivial thing to produce so much wretchedness!

'When I get to teaching maybe I can have what I want, too. No, I can't either, for how could I wear nice things and the rest have none? I can only help a little, as they've helped me, and it will always be the same old story—work, work, save, save—until I almost wish——'

There was a sharp ring at the hall door. Mrs. King, matron of the girls' dormitory, came from the dining-room in response. Words were spoken, unintelligible to Mary, but the matron's excited exclamations turned her wishing to wondering.

What could it mean? The door closed, the voices grew nearer, and broken sentences—'horrible accident,' 'thrown from a

cart.' 'instantly killed,' filled Mary's heart with a sickening fear, for surely she knew that voice.

'You break the news. You tell her, I can't' a man was saying as they passed the cloak room door.

'Poor Mary! Poor motherless girl!' sighed sympathetic Mrs. King. And the dread story was told, for it was her old neighbor, Mr. Stiles, that Mary saw ushered into the waiting room, while the matron went on her painful mission.

Not a sound fell from Mary's lips, but motionless she sat, seeing through closed eyes a darkened room, a shrouded form, frightened, weeping children.

She could imagine just how it happened. Something had been needed from the village store for Thanksgiving cookery, the boys were busy, so mother took the cart and pony, while Katie minded the little ones. An accident had happened. Mary shuddered from head to foot, and pressed her hands tightly over her eyes to keep from seeing.

Only from experience can one know the awful force with which such a blow falls, can know the numbing agony which steals over a heart suddenly bereft of its dearest treasure.

How sad that hours ever come which age one more than years of time! And come to old and young alike.

Poor Mary! One hour, a girl complaining in childish fashion against imaginary woes; the next, a woman, wounded, crushed, but yet a woman ready to meet and face bravely real trouble when it came.

'I must go,' she said, then shrank back into her corner as the girls came trooping from the dining-room, laughing and chattering as if no such thing as sorrow ever came to darken lives.

When they were gone Mary started to her room. Mrs. King would find her there. She must gather up her things, for her school days were ended. Mr. Stiles would take her home to fill her mother's place.

Her mother! Oh, how tightly something clutched her heart as she climbed slowly up the stairs to the girls' dormitory. Some one was there before her, for a sound of sobs and moans greeted her ear.

Could some one else be in trouble? Who? Surely, not Mame Packer, who never knew what trouble meant! Yes, it was Mame, for the door of her room was ajar, and Mary could see her lying on the bed in an agony of grief. Mrs. King was there, too. Should she stop and speak to her?

A moment's pause and the matron looked up. Stepping into the hall, she put an arm around the waiting girl and drew her inside the room.

'Help me comfort poor Mary,' she whispered. 'Her mother's dead.'

Her mother! Mame's mother! Was she the Mary to whom Mrs. King was to break the news? To be sure the matron never used nicknames for her girls, but it had not occurred to Mary that other than herself could be the recipient of that fatal message.

She was dazed at first, and then she reeled under the revulsion of feeling until she would have fallen but for the supporting arm. Her own dear mother was safe at home! But Mame's mother was dead. Mame was suffering as she had suffered only a few minutes ago.

Only a few minutes! And Mame must suffer on. How keenly Mary fully realized, and she threw herself beside the grief-stricken girl and wept for a friend as she had not for herself.

* * * * *

Thanksgiving festivities were universally saddened in the neighborhood where Mrs. Packer lay dead; but sad hearts can be thankful, and a genuine thanksgiving arose from unbroken boards that day on which Mary Adams awoke to the realities of life.

How Tripsy Kept Thanksgiving.

(The 'Little Folks.')

Fred had whittled out his little boat very well for a six-year-old boy. The masts were about the size of a large darning-needle, and he was sitting on the back doorsteps trying to fasten some thread on them, for ropes.

Tripsy, Fred's little dog, with lots of hair and plenty of it falling over his eyes, stood just above, wagging his tail, watching his master's face, all ready for a spring upon him.

Fred had his boat set carefully, and was drawing his thread very carefully through a crack at the top of his mast. And Trip stood waiting, his tail a-wagging, his body quivering, his mouth partly open. All at once Fred began whistling to himself very softly, hardly knowing that he did so. Instantly, Trip sprang upon him knocking the little boat to the ground.

'Be off! off with you!' cried Fred, at the same time dealing Trip a smart cuff. 'See what you've done!'

The cuff hurled Trip from the step, and as if dodging from Fred's scolding voice and stamping feet, he leaped in full gallop down the garden path and across the flower-beds.

At tea-time, Fred found no little dog under his chair. He went to the door and called, 'Tripsy! Trip! Trip! Here Tripsy!' But no little dog came bounding in. He was still missing at bedtime. Fred had searched through the house, looked in every closet, in the barn, the garden. Then, while daylight lasted, he had stood crying at the window, listening all the time with a sick little heart for a scratch upon the door. He went to bed at last, crying.

'O, I know,' said his big brother Ned, sorry for him, 'he is up at Grandma's!' and started upon a run, for Grandma lived only half a mile away.

Fred, while sitting up in bed, keeping awake to hear the news, toppled over in a sound sleep, but he still sobbed in his dreams; and by daylight he was up and roaming about the house, looking into all the lonesome rooms—for Ned had found no Tripsy up at Grandma's.

Fred tried, often, to tell his mother just how Trip ran away; but when he had told as far as the cuff, he would burst out with, 'O, I hit him! I hit poor little Tripsy! O dear!'

Where Tripsy went was found out, for sure. Thanksgiving day, by—well, by a collar—up at Grandpa's, where had come numerous aunts, uncles, small cousins, and big ones; and among the big ones was Myra, called, always, 'Cousin Smyle.' At home, and when visiting any of the families, she insisted that the people should laugh, all together, once every day; for this, she said, would clear away all their bad feelings—if they had any. She took them just before, or after, a meal, and made them begin by looking as pleasant as pleasant as they could; and, of course, trying so hard to look as pleasant as they could, would set them laughing.

Shortly before Thanksgiving, Fred had been given another little dog, smooth, with brown eyes—a dear little dog, very bright, but—not Tripsy. At first he was called 'Number Two'; but this soon changed to 'Two-ey.'

As the dinner company at Grandpa's were chatting just before desert, 'Cousin Smyle' said, 'Time to laugh! Now, then! All rise! Those who can't look pleasant, look pleasant as they can!'

Suddenly, as they were laughing, there came a smart scratch at the door, and with it two quick, snapping barks. Everybody listened. It was done again. Some one near the door turned the latch, and, with one spring, in rushed Tripsy! He jumped upon Fred, quivering and acting as if he wished to get inside of his jacket, and Fred clasped his arms tight around him, laughing and crying both at once.

When anybody could speak or move, Grandma pointed toward the lounge in the corner, and there, under it, flat upon the floor, with only his face and his two paws in sight, was poor 'Two-ey,' his sad eyes fixed upon Trip.

And now I will tell you what was found out afterward.

When poor, cuffed Tripsy rushed down the garden-path and over the flower-beds that day, he went through the fence and then swift along the sidewalk, farther and farther away. And then the stone thrown at him by 'some boy' hurt him so bad that he crept off under some bushes, out of sight. A city gentleman, with his wife and small boy, had been staying at his wife's old home, some distance from the village, by a beautiful lake, and on their way back to the depot had stopped to pick some blueberries. Hearing the faint whine of a dog, they searched, and after a while found Trip; and seeing that his leg was broken, they took the things out of a big covered basket, placed him in that, and took him by trains to their far-off city home, and had his leg properly set and cared for; and as he wore no collar, and seemed a poor, forsaken creature—though a nice dog—they kept him for their small boy, James.

When they passed through the place again that eventful Thursday to spend Thanksgiving at the old home by the lake, Trip was with little James, and must have noticed many objects he had seen before, for he grew uneasy, and at the turn of a road he sprang from the carriage as if shot out of a gun, and was beyond sight in a moment.

Finding no one in the house—so the neighbors said who saw—he started 'full tilt' for Grandpa's.

Tripsy came back wearing a handsome collar, on which was marked his city street and number; and you may like to know that 'Two-ey' was sent to the other boy, with a letter of thanks for kindness to Tripsy.

The German Empire spends £150,000,000 a year in drink, and only £600,000,000 on food. The consumption per head of the population is about ten quarts of pure alcohol, or thirty quarts of gin per year—or, say, five glasses of gin a day for every German, man, woman, or child. How much, then, falls to the man who drinks his full quantity?

Post Office Crusade.

LETTERS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.

These glimpses of letters from India will be of interest to the supporters of the Post-office Crusade:

'For nearly a year the 'Northern Messenger' has been mailed to my darling boy, and the reading of that interesting paper has given us all great pleasure. I have never known to whom we were indebted for the kindness. A missionary suggested that perhaps it came through you. If so, please let me thank you in the name of my dear departed boy, my wife, and myself. You will be sorry to hear that Cyril died of pneumonia on the 1st of July, aged 13 years and 4 months.'

The address of this boy, who left a clear record of his conversion when he died, was mailed to the Crusade by the lady teacher of a Mission School, a Miss Murray, of Cocanada. The subscription had just expired, when this letter containing the message above reached me. It was renewed, with a request that for Cyril's sake it would be read and passed on to some boy in India as a remembrance of him.

A native student in college sends grateful thanks for 'the valuable 'Northern Messenger' which has helped him to understand many hard questions in the Christian life. He reads his paper and gives it away. Nine students have sent by him their names, with the request that the 'Northern Messenger' be sent to them. Thanks to a Tenth Giver at Cowansville for $1.00, and Mr. J. A. Bryce, Toronto, Ont., for $2.00, I can supply three of them and something over, but six young men, all natives, in college, are eager to get the paper 'soon.' Who wants to make them their substitute in India? The commission on papers I always put into fresh subscriptions.

Since the 1st of April, 1902, forty-five dollars ($45.00) has come to me for this work; besides this, money has been mailed to the office in Montreal.

In future I will be obliged to answer all enquiries only through the 'Northern Messenger,' and cannot examine the many papers that come with a request for replies. Time and strength, to say nothing of postage and stationary, are precious.

As far as possible to avoid the evil designs of Mormons and Infidels, it is safer to send papers direct from the 'Witness' Office, but when you have undenominational Christian papers and wish to mail them to India it is always safe to address: Miss Dunhill, 12 S. Parade, Bangalore, India. She has a staff of capable women who go carefully over all papers mailed to her. She travels all over India and supplies soldiers' barracks, mission halls, railway stations, in fact, has hundreds of avenues, and cannot receive too much high-class religious thought in type. It is invaluable in her work as an organizer and evangelist superintendent of the Women's Christian Temperance Union for all India. She is in touch with natives and English, and is the best medium for the post-office crusade, as the work is undenominational and under no denominational control.

I will acknowledge all money received in the 'Northern Messenger' as speedily as possible, and, with the permission of the editors, do the work through it, not by any private correspondence.

My friends, this little work is being wonderfully blessed. It is a great happiness to feel that God permits us to be of use in his work. Mrs. McLaurin, of Coonon, India, who writes to encourage the work, says our papers were distributed to the Boers who were at Wellington, in camp, near her home, and that she finds traces of their blessing in different sections. Mrs. McLaurin is another to whom all papers can be mailed. She is also a W.C.T.U. worker.

Mrs. Moore, of the Soldiers' Home, at Wellington, India, writes to ask that a message of thanks be given to the kind people who have so liberally supplied the Soldiers' Reading Room. All this is the work of the little 'Northern Messenger,' of Montreal, Canada. She says that the reading room looks like 'an American one now.' She addressed her letter to 'America.' But, Mrs. Moore, we are Canadians and proud of the fact, not 'Americans.' We own quite a tidy bit of land, a Dominion that stretches from sea to sea, but don't lay claim to a whole continent, and are not a 'nameless people.' I will put my whole address clearly in case other letters from India like Mrs. Moore's last delightful one may travel far and wide before some postmaster kindly writes, 'Try Montreal.' The United States is a republic, I must tell our Irish friends in India, and is on the Continent of America—the people who live there call themselves 'Americans.' Canadians have a name and belong to Great Britain. Canada is a country in America. Fancy me writing an address thus:—

MRS. MOORE,
Wellington—Nil,
Asia.

and you will imagine how my letter would travel. Thanks to the Post-office Crusade, however, although my letters sometimes go to British Columbia, New Brunswick, and all over Canada, they generally reach me at last. Faithfully,

M. E. COLE,
112 Irvine Ave.,
Westmount, Que.,
Canada.

Somebody Pays.

('Youth's Companion.')

A druggist in one of our large cities said lately, 'If I am prompt and careful in my business, I owe it to a lesson which I learned when I was an errand boy in the house of which I am now master. I was sent one day to deliver a vial of medicine just at noon, but being hungry, stopped to eat my luncheon.

'The patient, for lack of the medicine, sank rapidly, and for some days was thought to be dying.

'I felt myself his murderer. The agony of that long suspense made a man of me. I learned then that for every one of our acts of carelessness or misdoing, however petty, some one pays in suffering. The law is more terrible to me because it is not always the misdoer himself who suffers.'

This law is usually ignored by young people. The act of carelessness or selfishness is so trifling, what harm can it do? No harm, apparently, to the actor, who goes happily on his way; but somebody pays.

A young girl, to make conversation, thoughtlessly repeats a bit of gossip which she forgets the next moment; but long afterward the woman whom she has maligned finds her good name tainted by the poisonous whisper. A lad, accustomed to take wine, persuades a chance comrade to drink with him, partly out of a good-humored wish to be hospitable, partly, it may be, out of contempt for 'fanatical reformers.'

He goes on his way, and never knows that his chance guest, having inherited the disease of alcoholism, continues to drink, and becomes a hopeless victim.

Our grandfathers expressed this truth in a way of their own:

'For the lack of a nail the shoe was lost,
For the lack of the shoe the rider was lost,
For the lack of the rider the message was lost,
For the lack of the message the battle was lost.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents.

'World Wide.

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Oct. 4, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Chamberlain and the Boer Generals—'The Pilot,' London.
The Boer Manifesto—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York, and 'Brooklyn Eagle.'
Crowned—Canon Scott Holland, in 'The Commonwealth,' London.
Municipal Socialism in England—'The Springfield Republican.'
Municipal Socialism—II.—'The Times,' London.
The Queen at Netley Hospital, a Surprise Visit—'The Daily Mail,' London.
Among London Wage Earners: The Housing Problem—By Walter A. Wyckoff, condensed from 'Scribner's Magazine.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Photography in Art Education—New York 'Times.'
A Model History of Modern Music—'The Nation,' New York.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Dyttie to Hey Downe—From Percy's 'Reliques.'
Pattering Feet—'Punch,' London.
Sketch of the Life of Emile Zola—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Emile Zola—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Literary Drollery at its Best—New York 'Tribune.'
The American Book Market—'The Academy and Literature,' London.
Good Breeding in the New Testament—'The Spectator,' London.
Old Quebec—The 'Daily Chronicle,' London.
A Poet's Centenary—'Black and White,' London.
'Christianity Without Miracle.'—'The Speaker,' London.
The Vultures—'The Spectator,' London.
Visitors to Carlyle's Birthplace.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Education of an Engineer—By Professor John Perry, F.R.S., at the British Association, in the 'Commercial Advertiser, New York.
Fishermen's Theories—'The Westminster Budget.'
The Coming Winter—'The Daily News,' London.
The Barometer—'The Mail,' London.
Artificial Insensibility—By Dr. Andrew Wilson, in the 'Illustrated London News.'
How the Javanese Induce Sleep—The 'Semaine Medicale,' Paris.
The Stephenson Locomotive of 1823—From the 'London Railway News.'

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$1.00 a year.
Special rate to subscribers of the 'Messenger,
Only 75 cents.
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'WITNESS' BUILDING,
Montreal.

Skye Terriers.

('The Prize.')

'Among those persons who delight in dogs the Skye terrier has always been a favourite, and there can be no doubt that it quite deserves to be popular. It is very hardy, and its intelligence surpasses that of many other dogs, while its amusing tricks and its very kind and loving nature fit it to be the companion of man.

A Skye terrier is a small dog.

SKYE TERRIERS.

The legs are short, while the body is long in proportion to its size. The hair which is of a bluish-grey color, is very long and straight, falling heavily over body and limbs, the face being so entirely covered that the nose and eyes can scarcely be seen.

Many anecdotes have been recorded of the faithful and enduring love felt by this animal for its own master. The following story, well known to many, is most interesting :—

One stormy day, now many years ago, the funeral procession of a stranger wound its way along the streets of Edinburgh towards the historic churchyard of the Grey Friars. It was only when the mourners had actually reached the place of interment that they discovered that a Skye terrier had followed the procession, and was now gazing wistfully around, as though in search of the familiar and beloved face. After the burial the dog remained behind, nor could it be induced to leave the grave. After two days, being still there it was almost forcibly removed by the gate-keeper, who conveyed it at night to a sheltered place, the weather being stormy and the little animal much exhausted. As soon, however, as it was allowed to escape, it again returned to the grave, accepting food, and permitting the gate-keeper to fondle it, but still clinging to the grassy mound with which it associated its own master, and for months and years Bobbie guarded his master's last resting-place

At length, full of years, he died, when a lady, celebrated for many kind and generous deeds, caused a drinking-fountain for man and beast to be erected close to the gate of the churchyard. This fountain is surmounted by a faithful representation of the little dog, executed in bronze. It sits in the same attitude it always assumed, the wistful and expectant look in its face being well preserved. Many visitors to Edinburgh since A.D. 1872 have looked with interest and pleasure on this monument erected to the memory of 'Grey-friars Bobby,' his master's faithful and affectionate-friend.

A Home Heathen.

('Children's Missionary Friend.')

'Oh, mamma! I am so disappointed,' cried Emma Estlin, coming dejectedly into her mother's pretty sitting-room, her usually bright face woefully clouded over.

Mrs. Estlin looked up sympathizingly from her sewing.

'What is the matter, darling?'

'Why, you know the entertainment that our mission band is getting up? Well, we meant to have it such a good one in every way. Bessie Allan was to read—and you know she reads just lovely. Elsie Sharpe was to recite, May Stevens to sing, and Elsie Haines was to play an instrumental solo, while Dollie Watson and Willie were to have a piano duet, and I was to sing, too, you know; but now it's all spoiled, and I'm not going to sing.'

'Why not, dear? What has spoiled it all?'

'Why, someone said that we ought not to slight Anna Lewis, and so she has been asked to read—and she reads horribly. She'll just spoil the whole thing! I won't sing if she takes part, and I just told Miss Stanley so; and if I'm not in it, some of the other girls say they won't be, either. I think it's a shame

that she had to be asked!' and Emma looked ready to cry.

Mrs. Estlin felt sad. This did not seem like her usually kind-hearted little girl.

'What do you want Miss Stanley to do about it?'

'Well, she doesn't want to offend us girls, and we're going to ask her if she won't tell Anna Lewis that she is not to read after all.'

'Won't that hurt Anna's feelings?'

'Yes, I suppose it will, but we can't help that, and what would she look like, anyway, taking part? She wouldn't have anything fit to wear.'

'What is your entertainment for. Emma?'

'Why, for missions; didn't you know, mamma?'

'To convert the heathen, do you mean, daughter?'

'Yes, the heathen in China.'

'I think there is one little heathen in America that needs converting.'

Mrs. Estlin said these harsh words very gently, for she was one of the mothers who know and value the wonderful 'power of gentleness.'

'Darling, you came to me for sympathy, and I never like to refuse that; but how can I agree with you in this matter? I feel hurt that you should think that I could, but I feel more hurt that my little daughter can feel and talk the way she does. Come here, dear, and sit down on this stool at my feet; I want to talk to you about this.'

Emma's face was very red as she obeyed. She hid it in her mother's lap.

'Dearie, for whose good was the entertainment to be—yours?'

'No; for those who do not know about Jesus,' was Emma's reply.

'Whose good have you been considering?'

No answer.

'For whose glory was it to be—yours?'

'No, God's,' in a little lower tone.

'Whose glory have you been considering?'

Again no answer. Silence is sometimes more eloquent than words.

'To think that my little daughter would put herself before those whom she says she wants to help! To think that she would put herself before God! That she would allow a poor girl's feelings to be hurt; to look down on someone less favored in wealth and talents than herself; that she would so worry a kind teacher in trying to break up an entertainment; and that she should be the means of leading her young companions to do, these same things! This is the Master's work, too!'

'Oh, mamma, don't!' in a smothered tone. 'I care more for what you think of me than anyone else except God,' she added, not wanting to put God in the background the second time.

Then, as she lifted her tearful face from its refuge, she said:

'I didn't know there were so many wicked thoughts in my heart. What shall I do?'

'Go set it right with Miss Stanley and the girls—after you have set it right with God;' and Mrs. Estlin left her daughter with a loving kiss—left her alone with one that never refuses to forgive—and the mother's heart rejoiced, knowing that works worthy of repentance would follow.

Hal's Investment.

Hal's pocket was a very queer place,
A little of everything in it;
A ball, a knife, some hooks and tacks,
That he might need any minute.

But one day it held a bran-new cent,
Yellow, and shining as gold,
Not to be spent for candy or toys,
But to be ''vested,' as he told.

So he 'vested first in shingle nails,
And straight off to his mother ran,
'I'll fix the closet for you now,
As well as the carpenter man.'

Ten cents he earned with his penny,
Then bought two balls of stout twine,
And each fruit bush in the garden
He tied up straight and fine.

So the penny grew all summer,
Turned over again and again,
Until at 'treasury meeting'
It counted up ten times ten.

The queer little trousers pocket
Could scarce all the money hold,
And a prayer went with each penny
As it into the mite box rolled.
—'Over sea and Land.'

Cure for Forgetfulness.

'A successful business man said that there were two things which he learned when he was eighteen, and which were ever afterwards of great use to him, namely: 'Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything.' The story of this lesson is printed in the 'Country Gentleman.'

An old lawyer sent the young man with an important paper, giving him definite instructions what to do with it.

'But,' inquired the young man, 'suppose I should happen to lose it, what shall I do then?'

'You must not lose it,' said the lawyer, frowning.

'I don't mean to,' said the young man, 'but suppose I should happen to?'

'But I say you must not happen to. I shall make no provision for such an occurrence. You must not lose it.'

This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such a provision against every contingency that he never lost anything.

He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered he pinned it down in his mind, fastened it there, and made it stay. He used to declare:

'When a man tells me that he forgot to do something, I tell him he might as well have said, 'I did not care enough about your business to take the trouble to think of it again.'

'I once had an intelligent young man in my employ who deemed it sufficient excuse for having neglected an important task to say, 'I forgot.' I told him that would not answer; if he was sufficiently interested he would be careful to remember. It was because he did not care enough that he forgot. I drilled him with this truth.

'He worked for me three years, and during the last year of the three, he was utterly changed in this respect. He did not forget a thing. His forgetting, he found, had been a lazy and careless habit of mind, and he cured it.'—American Paper.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 26.

Joshua and Caleb.

Josh. xiv., 5-15. Commit vs. 12-14. Read Josh., ch. xiv.; Num. xiv., 1-24.

Golden Text.

'He wholly followed the Lord.'—Josh. xiv., 14.

Home Readings.

Monday, Oct. 20.—Josh. xiv., 5-15.
Tuesday, Oct. 21.—Deut. i., 19-36.
Wednesday, Oct. 22.—Psa. 112.
Thursday, Oct. 23.—Psa. xviii., 19-30.
Friday, Oct. 24.—Psa. xxxvii., 1-11.
Saturday, Oct. 25.—Psa. xxxvii., 27-40.
Sunday, Oct. 26.—Mark x., 23-31.

Lesson Text.

(5) As the Lord commanded Moses, so the children of Israel did, and they divided the land. (6) Then the children of Judah came unto Joshua in Gilgal: and Caleb the son of Jephunneh the Kenezite said unto him, Thou knowest the thing that the Lord said unto Moses the man of God concerning me and thee in Kadesh-barnea. (7) Forty years old was I when Moses the servant of the Lord sent me from Kadesh-barnea to espy out the land; and I brought him word again as it was in mine heart. (8) Nevertheless my brethren that went up with me made the heart of the people melt: but I wholly followed the Lord my God. (9) And Moses sware on that day, saying, Surely the land whereon thy feet have trodden shall be thine inheritance, and thy children's for ever, because thou hast wholly followed the Lord my God. (10) And now, behold, the Lord hath kept me alive, as he said, these forty and five years, even since the Lord spake this word unto Moses, while the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness: and now, lo, I am this day four-score and five years old. (11) As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me; as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, both to go out, and to come in. (12) Now therefore give me this mountain, whereof the Lord spake in that day; for thou heardest in that day how the Anakim were there and that the cities were great and fenced: if so be the Lord will be with me, then I shall be able to drive them out, as the Lord said. (13) And Joshua blessed him, and gave unto Caleb the son of Jephunneh Hebron for an inheritance. (14) Hebron therefore became the inheritance of Caleb the son of Jephunneh the Kenezite unto this day; because that he wholly followed the Lord God of Israel. (15) And the name of Hebron before was Kirjath-arba; which Arba was a great man among the Anakim. And the land had rest from war.

Suggestions.

Caleb here presents his petition, or, rather, makes his demand, to have Hebron given him for a possession (this mountain, he calls it, v. 12), and not to have that put into the lot with the other parts of the country. To justify his demand, he shows that God had long since, by Moses, promised him that very mountain. To enforce his petition he brings the children of Judah, that is, the heads and great men of that tribe, along with him, to present it, who were willing thus to pay their respects to that ornament of their tribe, and to testify their consent that he should be provided for by himself, and that they would not take it as any reflection upon the rest of his tribe. Caleb, in his petition, sets forth the testimony of his conscience concerning his integrity in the management of that great affair, on which it proved the fate of Israel turned, the spying out of the land. Caleb was one of the twelve that were sent out on that errand, v. 7, and he now reflected upon it with comfort, and mentioned it, not in pride, but in that which, being the consideration of the grant, was necessary to be inserted in the plea. He says that herein he wholly followed the Lord his God, that is, he kept close to his duty, and sincerely aimed at the glory of God in it. They that follow God fully when they are young, shall have both the credit and comfort of it when they are old, and the reward of it for ever in the heavenly Canaan. V. 10. Now, behold (behold and wonder), the Lord has kept me alive these forty and five years—thirty-eight years in the wilderness, through the plagues of the desert, seven years in Canaan through the perils of war! Though eighty-five years old, yet as hearty and lively as when he was forty.

V. 12. Caleb's request is, Give me this mountain; First, Because it was formerly in God's promise, and he would let Israel know how much he valued the promise, insisting upon this mountain, whereof the Lord spake in that day, as most desirable, though perhaps as good a portion might have fallen to him by lot in common with the rest. They that live by faith, value that which is given by promise far above that which is given by providence only. Secondly, Because it was now in the Anakim's possession, and he would let Israel know how little he feared the enemy, and would by his example animate them to push on their conquests. Herein Caleb answered his name, which signifies 'all heart.'

V. 13. Joshua 'blessed him,' commended his bravery, applauded his request, and gave him what he asked. He also prayed for him, and for his good success in his intended undertaking against the sons of Anak. Joshua was both a prince and a prophet, and upon both accounts it was proper for him to give Caleb his blessing, for the less is blessed of the better. Hebron was settled on Caleb and his heirs, v. 14, because he wholly followed the Lord God of Israel. And happy are we if we follow him. V. 15. We are here told what Hebron had been; the city of Arba, a great man among the Anakim. We find it called Kirjath-arba, Gen. xxiii., 2, as the place where Sarah died. Hereabouts Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, lived most of their time in Canaan, and near to it was the cave of Machpelah where they were buried, which perhaps had led Caleb hither, when he went to spy out the land, and made him covet this rather than any other part for his inheritance. We are afterwards told what Hebron was. It was one of the cities belonging to the priests, Josh. xxi., 13, and a city of refuge, Josh. xx., 7. When Caleb had it, he contented himself with the country about it, and cheerfully gave the city to the priests and the Lord's ministers: thinking it could not be better bestowed, no, not upon his own children, nor that it was the less his own for being thus devoted to God.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Oct. 26.—Topic—Treating a gracious invitation lightly. Matt. xxii., 1-10.

Junior C. E. Topic.

HOW TO BE POPULAR.

Monday, Oct. 20.—A wrong way. 2 Sam. xv., 1-6.

Tuesday, Oct. 21.—A right way. Luke ii., 52.

Wednesday, Oct. 22.—Honor without wisdom. Ps. xlix., 20.

Thursday, Oct. 23.—Honor with wisdom. Prov. iii., 13, 16.

Friday, Oct. 24.—The sources of honor. Prov. xxii., 4.

Saturday, Oct. 25.—Too much popularity. Luke vi., 26.

Sunday, Oct. 26.—Topic—How to be popular. 1 John iv., 7-12.

Your Own Paper Free.

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The Cigarette Habit

(The 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The following testimonials from physicians prove beyond a reasonable doubt the habit is deadly:

Dr. T. M. Coan writes that it will do three things: First, will run his pulse up to 100 or more per minute; second, it will reduce his weight below the healthy standard; and, third, it will reduce his strength and general vitality, as will appear in his pale complexion and his diminished appetite.

Dr. J. T. Kent says that, in case of chronic idleness in young boys treated by him, he has been unable to effect any cure or improvement until he had first succeeded in making the boy give up smoking.

Dr. L. Webster Fox affirms that the pernicious effect of cigarettes among boys can hardly be overestimated. Their long-continued use impairs faculties.

Dr. Brodie, Queen Victoria's physician, made several experiments with nicotine, applying it to the tongue of a mouse, a squirrel, and a dog. Result, death. Test this by collecting cigarette smoke on a piece of white paper, or a white handkerchief.

Dr. William Murrell, in the 'British Medical Journal,' discovered considerable quantities of arsenic in the wrappers of packages of cigarettes. Out of the seventeen series of different kinds of cigarettes and tobacco, arsenic was present in the labels of six.

In a Western town the water tore away a bridge, and the express train was due and in sight. A man lighted his lantern to signal the train that was madly rushing with its passengers towards the jaws of death. He ran and swung the lantern. But, alas! the wind put out the light in he lantern. There he stood in the darkness, awe-stricken, pulse marvellously quickened and breast heaving at the great horror and danger that were nigh. In his anxiety to avoid the maiming, disfiguring, and massacring of many children, mothers, fathers, young men, and maidens, he forgot himself, and threw the lantern into the locomotive, and cried, 'Stop! stop!' My young friends, stop smoking cigarettes! Parents, if your boys do not stop smoking on their own account, this pernicious habit which maims the pulse, reduces the weight, strength, and general vitality, hence impairs the ability to think, weakens mental concentration, subjects the system to diseases affecting the eyes, causing nasal catarrh, throat diseases,—make them stop! What! you cannot stop them! If your boys do not heed, don't feed them.

A Scholar's Downfall.

('The Morning Star.')

One of the best Greek scholars in New York city is a guard on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railway. Not long ago a famous professor in one of our leading universities published a volume on certain features of the ancient Grecian dialects, of interest only to scholars. The 'L' guard referred to wrote to a newspaper, pointing out several errors made by the professor in his book, and signed himself by his road and number. After a month's search a correspondent found the man. 'How does it happen,' he said, showing his card, 'that you, a Greek scholar of first rank, should be doing such work as this?' He looked at the correspondent sadly, and his red face flushed more than usual. 'I was the best Hellenist of my year at Dublin,' he replied. 'My Greek is still what it used to be, but my career has been ruined by—whiskey!'

The beer house is a nucleus of everything that is criminal and vicious.—Judge Travis.

Correspondence

Elm Farm, Intervale, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for over a year, and like it very much. I have one sister married, and she lives in Petitcodiac. Intervale is quite a pretty place. It is not very hot this summer. We have just got our new house built. I go to school nearly every day; I have two miles to walk, and in winter the snow is quite deep on the road. I have a grandpa that is eighty-five; he got his arm broken and put out of joint last winter, but he got better again. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine; it is on December 15th.

BESSIE D. (Aged 9.)

Riversdale, Ont.

Dear Editor and Friends,—As it is my candid opinion that the 'Messenger' is one of the very best papers printed, I thought that I would write to you.

My papa is a farmer, and I have to work rather hard out in the fields sometimes. We keep a great many pigs, four cows, two horses, and several young cattle.

My sister and I are Good Templars, and are much in favor of temperance. It seems so sadly foolish to see strong young men sink to ruin through drink. It is a good thing to pledge one's self against all that can intoxicate. We have a new minister, Rev. Mr. Smith. There were a great many present at the induction, and still more at the social and concert given in the evening. I tried the P. S. L. this year, but have not heard yet whether I passed. I was fifteen then; but I am now sixteen.

Won't you please print this letter in your paper. If I could get any one to take it I would do so, but we all get it at Sunday School, so every one takes it. If any boy or girl from fourteen upward would write to me I would try to answer them. My address is: Ethel Browne, Riversdale, Ont.

Pincher Creek, Alta.

Dear Editor,—I am very fond of reading the 'Messenger.' I go to the Presbyterian Sunday School and get the 'Messenger there.

We live on a ranch about six miles from town. I would not like to live in the town. I like the animals very much. I can ride horses, and could ride since I was five years old. I can milk cows; at present I milk four cows night and morning. I go to school nearly every day, and like it very much. I study arithmetic, geography, history, writing, reading and spelling. I was 14 years last June. I am the eldest of a family of eight, the youngest is only a few week's old.

We have a number of red, white and black currant bushes; they are nearly ripe now. I like picking them. We always have to get help to pick them; we also have strawberries, gooseberries and raspberries.

I never was on the train, in fact I never was far from home. It rained a lot this summer, and the creeks and river rose very high. A man was drowned in the creek. I would like to correspond with some girl who reads the 'Messenger.' about the age of 14 years, if she would please write first.

Address, Margery Cox, Mount View, Pincher Creek, Alberta, N.W.T.

Pincher Creek, Alta.

Dear Editor,—I have four sisters and three brothers. My youngest brother was born on Sunday, July 13th. I am eleven years of age. I live on a farm, seven miles from school. Daddy drives us in every morning to school. I have two sisters and one brother going to school besides myself. We go to Sunday School and get the 'Messenger.' I like reading the correspondence. We have about sixty head of cattle, thirteen horses and two colts. We milk seven cows. My eldest sister, Maggie, milks four and I milk three. We live on a ranch; I don't think I would like to live in a city or town. I have never been on a train, but I think I would like to. I don't think that I have ever been more than ten miles away from home. EVA C.

Advocate, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I like to go to school, and I am in the sixth grade. I am eight years old. My birthday is Sept. 2nd. I have five brothers and one sister, Mabel. I go to the Methodist Sabbath School. We have a cat and a dog for pets. I have read quite a few books, and my favorites are: 'Under the Lilac,' 'The Two Roses,' 'After Holidays,' 'The Pot of Gold,' 'Helen,' and 'Elf Island.'

E. C.

Rosetta, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Rosetta is a little hamlet consisting of a few houses, a post-office, and a new Congregational Church. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. My father is superintendent of the Sunday School. He has a class of boys.

We intend holding a jubilee in Middleville, on the 25th of August, that being the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the church here. Rev. Mr. Black, who organized the church, is expected to be present. He is to hold services at the three stations, Hopetown, Middleville and Rosetta, on Sunday, August 24th.

I live on a farm, half a mile from the church, post office and school. Our farm has a large sugar bush, covering twenty-five acres. We have a Grimm evaporator, and tap eight hundred trees every year. I have four sisters and two brothers. Another little brother died. My eldest sister is married, and is living in Winnipeg. I like going to school very much. My teacher's name is Miss Baird.

ANNIE L. (aged 11 years.)

Middle River, C.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl of nine years of age. I go to Sunday School and I joined the Mission Band. My brother is getting the 'Messenger,' and I like to be reading it very much; it is a nice paper. I have five brothers and no sister. We live on a farm alongside the river. I go fishing sometimes with my brother. For pets I have a dog and a cat. Their names are Carlo and Quinnie, and a calf named Violet. My birthday is on Feb. 26.

MAMIE D. MacD.

Bridgetown, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have only seen one letter from Bridgetown, and I thought I would write a letter and send the names of some friends who do not take the 'Northern Messenger.' I live on a farm of one hundred and eighty acres; it is situated about a mile and a half out of town. I have one little sister and two brothers. We are having our school vacation now, and I always spend a week of it with my grandma, who lives in the historic old town of Annapolis Royal. I always love to visit there and go to the Garrison grounds and old fort. They have had the old garrison and magazine nicely repaired. We sailed down the river a few weeks ago to Digby, on our Sunday School picnic, and Annapolis looked lovely with its hills and wharves. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for about three years, and I always enjoy reading the letters and stories. I have never written to the 'Messenger' before.

FLORENCE F. (Aged 14.)

New Liskeard, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen any letters from here, so I suppose I am your first Liskeard correspondent. This town is situated at the mouth of Wahbe River, which divides it in halves, as it empties into Wahbe Bay, which is the best harbor on Lake Temiscaming. When spring comes the ice cracks with a sound like thunder, and when the huge cakes begin to move slowly down the river, the people like to come and watch it pile up against the bridge which connects the two parts of the town. The ice from the river goes under the ice in the lake, and then it all goes away some warm night and we see the sparkling blue water again instead of glaring white ice. We have great fun in winter sleigh-riding down the steep Wahbe River banks. We almost seem to be flying down the long steep slope, and across the ice in the river and a little way up the other side. In summer we go in bathing, wading, rowing, canoeing and riding in the large steamers.

There are any amount of wild strawberries, raspberries, and huckleberries in and around town. There is a small jail near our house, built of logs. It only has three or four cells in it. We haven't had any need for enlarging it yet. There have only been two or three men put in it for drunkenness, which is no wonder, considering that there is a large hotel in the middle of the town just at the end of the bridge where the people have to pass and re-pass it going from one part of the town to the other.

I have one brother and three sisters. My birthday is on Feb. 28.

MARY R. (Aged 14.)

(This is a very well-written letter.—Editor.)

Leith, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. We take the 'Northern Messenger' and like it so much. I have two sisters, Kate and Jessie Bell, and one brother, Thomas. I go to school and am in the part second reader. My teacher's name is Miss Brown. I go to Sunday School and like my teacher very much. Her name is Miss Ross. We have a dog named Sailor, and a black cat, four horses, a colt, and seven cows. I have twenty-three cousins, and one dear little cousin, John Pringle, was killed nearly two years ago; four of my cousins are in Alaska. I have two grandmas; one lives near Chatsworth, and the other lives near us. I will be eight years old on August 31. MAGGIE T.

Loch Lomond, C.B.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger' and I like it very much. I like to read the stories. I go to school every day, and I got the fifth book this year. There is a lake near our house and we sometimes go to swim when the water is warm. It is frozen in winter and we go to slide; two of my brothers can skate. I study reading, spelling, history of Canada, geography, grammar, writing and arithmetic. My teacher's name is Miss Frances G. Sutherland. The lessons that I like best are reading and writing. My birthday is on May 12. I was twelve years old last May. I like to go to pick berries in summer. I only missed four days out of school this year. My brother goes to fish nearly every night, and gets some trout. I will write again, and my next letter will be longer. I will close now, hoping you will find this letter good enough for the 'Messenger.' I should like some other girl about my own age to correspond with me. My address is: Katie Morrison, Loch Lomond, C.B.

Berlin, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I received my Bible. I am very well pleased with it and thank you very much for it. I think it is a very good return for the little work I had to do for it. I think it is a chance everybody ought to try. Yours sincerely,

GORDON V. K.

Lily-Vale, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to the 'Messenger' once before, and, seeing my letter, I thought I would write again. I have three sisters and two brothers. For pets I have two cats and a dog; the cats' names are Snowball and Bessie, and the dog's name is Jacko. We are having our vacation now; my teacher's name is Miss McCallum; I like her fine. I am in the fourth book. I study geography, health reader, arithmetic and reading lesson. We do not have school in winter. My mamma has taken the 'Messenger' for five years, and we would not like to do without it. I

have two grandmas and one grandpa living. My birthday is on the same day as Ethel H.'s—on May 11. I was eleven years old last birthday.

GLADYS E.

Craigvale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I never saw a letter from South Craigvale in the 'Messenger' I thought I would write one. We have three horses, seven cattle, five pigs, sixty hens and thirty-five little chickens and two dogs. I have four sisters and one brother. I am visiting at my grandmother's in Craigvale. Lake Simcoe is only three miles from our place; you can see the steamboats going up and down the lake. I often watch them from the door. I am ten years old. My birthday is on Nov. 5. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' and I would like to see it in print.

M. O. M.

Waterville Road, Que.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for fourteen years and I am renewing our subscription again; it is a welcome visitor every week. I received the Bagster Bible; it is very nice, indeed, thank you very much. I went to see the Duke and Duchess when they were in Sherbrooke. I also went through the Royal train while on exhibition; it was well worth seeing. I don't go to school in the winter, but I occupy my spare time in collecting for the Child's Cot Fund in the Sherbrooke Protestant Hospital. I go to school now and read in the fifth book. My teacher's name is Miss Holyon; we all like her very much. I have one mile to walk to school. I always make it a point never to be late for school.

HAZEL M. B.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Last March I was in Strasburg, Germany, and went with my mother and sister to see the celebrated clock in the great cathedral. The clock stands in an alcove of the cathedral to the right of the high altar. A large number of people collected to watch the manoeuvres of the clock. At the bottom is the machinery, which is very large and has a glass in front of it, so that you can see it. Above this is a large space with little gilt globes to represent the sun, moon and earth and different stars. These move as the real planets move; the earth round the sun in a year, etc. A little higher up there are seven goddesses in chariots which move as the days do, a different one for each day. We were there on Friday and the goddess for that day was Venus, the names being written on the outside of the chariots. Near the place where the chariots go in and out are two little child-figures; one holds an hour-glass and the other a hammer with which he strikes a bell at his side. At the third stroke of the clock the child with the hour-glass turns it completely over. You must go just before twelve, at noon, and when the clock strikes you can see all the figures move. Near the top of the clock is a figure of Christ. At the stroke of one the twelve Apostles come out from the right one by one and, as they pass Christ, they each turn toward him and make a funny little bow. Judas is the last and comes in kneeling; as he passes, Christ puts out his hand to bless him and then makes the sign of the cross over him. When Peter comes, a large cock high up on the left flaps his wings and crows three times. The face of the clock is very small, not being more than two feet wide. I go to a Presbyterian Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger' there, and thought, as so many other boys and girls wrote letters, I, too, might write and describe some of the things I had seen abroad. I have no pets as we have only recently come back from Europe. I send the names of three of my friends, to whom I wish you would send copies of the 'Messenger.' I would like to correspond with a girl of my own age (15) if she would please write first. My full address is: Ethel C. Olmsted, 81 McCaul street, Toronto, Ont.

(This is a very interesting letter.—Ed.)

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HOUSEHOLD.

Thanksgiving.

In many modest homes Thanksgiving Day becomes a day of hard toil to those who must prepare the feast. Surely, a plain dinner attractively served will please the participants and relieve the housekeeper. For such a dinner, Emma Hays Brown, in the 'Household,' suggests the following menu: Chicken soup, roast turkey without stuffing, jelly sauce, boiled sweet potatoes, slaw, chicken salad, celery and grated cheese, hot crisped crackers, pumpkin pie, fresh fruit, coffee. The instructions for these plain but appetizing dishes are as follows:

Chicken Soup.—The water in which the chicken for the salad is boiled will make an excellent soup; to the broth add a can of tomatoes, one finely sliced onion, boil twenty minutes; season with salt and pepper, and add two well-beaten eggs just before taking from the fire. Strain into soup tureen and serve.

Roast Turkey without Stuffing.—Turkey without stuffing is an innovation, but it is claimed by the authorities on cookery that turkey, like game, should never be stuffed if its finest flavor is to be preserved. Dress as usual, place a large spoonful of butter upon the breast. Put in a very hot oven for thirty minutes, that the outside may sear over at once and retain the juices; diminish the heat and baste often with the butter and fat that cooks from the fowl, allowing twenty minutes' cooking to each pound of turkey, not counting the first half-hour. Should it be necessary to turn the turkey while cooking, use a towel; never stick it with a fork or allow the juice to escape. Sprinkle with salt when nearly done. For the gravy, put the gizzard, heart and liver on the fire in a quart of water, and cook until tender; then remove and chop finely. When the turkey is done remove it to the serving dish, pour all but a tablespoonful of fat from the pan, add a tablespoonful of flour and cook for three minutes; then add the water in which the giblets were cooked, of which there should be a pint; if less, add water; stir until smooth and add chopped giblets. Serve in a gravy boat.

Chicken Salad.—Chop moderately fine one chicken cooked tender, the whites of twelve, hard-boiled eggs, and three medium-sized pickled cucumbers; mash the yolks fine, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of mustard, salt and pepper, and one-half cupful of cider vinegar. This may be mixed the day before using.

Celery and Grated Cheese.—To prepare celery for the table, let it stand in cold water an hour, scrub lengthwise with a brush kept for that purpose, and remove all rusty lines with a silver knife. Serve upon a low dish and ornament with bits of ice. Serve grated cheese upon the plate of each.

Hot Crisped Crackers.—These are eaten with the celery and cheese. Split Boston crackers, arrange the halves rough side up on a plate, lay a bit of butter on each, and brown them in the oven.

Pumpkin Pie.—To secure the necessary dryness, the pumpkin for pies should be peeled and steamed until tender. For a single pie take a cupful and a half of steamed pumpkin sifted through a sieve, one cupful of boiling milk, half a cupful of sugar, one egg beaten to a foam, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a fourth of a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Line deep plates with thin pastry, fill with the custard, and bake half an hour, or until the pie swells in the centre and is brown.

What Dyspeptics Should Eat and Drink.

Men and women with red blood in their veins who live rational lives and spend much time out of doors are not interested in the discussion of this branch of the dietary problem. They can eat anything. Their appetites are limited only by their purses and their digestive machinery.

But, unfortunately, the demands of our strenuous civilization are too much for the ordinary digestive apparatus. The 'upper crust' of society cannot stand the 'lower crust' of the pies that mother used to bake. The rich and plentiful dietary of opulence has impaired their digestive powers, while the man in the street who is wrestling with water mains or digging sewers can digest more pies than his wages will provide. The 'dominion of the palate' is such, however, that the vast and increasing army of dyspeptics can be saved from themselves only by the persuasive powers of the physician and the dietary expert. As the palate cannot be dethroned, its caprices must be coddled. It cannot be ruthlessly denied everything it craves. But there are so many kinds of dyspeptics that no 'hard and fast' dietary would be suitable for them all. The ordinary 'dyspeptic' who suffers occasional indigestion has a happy time of it compared with the poor mortal who suffers from chronic intestinal indigestion. The seat of the latter trouble is most difficult to reach, either with medicines or scientific dietetics, while the diseased or impaired stomach will quickly respond to the various pepsin compounds combined with rational regulation of diet and exercise. What a dyspeptic should eat and drink, therefore, depends upon the particular kind of indigestion from which he is suffering, as well as upon his habits of life, the character of his employment and his temperamental attributes. It ought to be plainly and fundamentally obvious to a man of sedentary habits that his diet should be radically different from that of the man habituated to much physical activity. The man who sits at a desk must select different foods from the man-about-town, the floorwalker or the street laborer. The desk man is almost certain to be a sufferer from intestinal trouble. The intestinal dyspeptic should eschew starchy foods, white flour, rice, potatoes, cheese, milk and hard-boiled eggs. He should substitute whole wheat or

graham bread for white-flour bread. He may also eat bread made of corn meal. Fruit should form a very large and important part of his dietary. Indeed, many a sufferer from this weakness has cured himself by throwing pills to the dogs and substituting for them a diet of prunes or baked apples. Brown bread and molasses are a good food for the constipated, as also are fresh meat, fish, meat broths and soft-boiled or poached eggs. The patient, however, must take considerable exercise. The outdoor kind is the best, but if he is denied this form of exercise he must take it at home in the form of calisthenics. He should drink large quantities of pure water morning and evening, and between meals. The habit of drinking water with meals is the most pernicious, unhygienic habit to which modern civilized humanity is addicted. Nature designed that mastication and salivation should prepare the food for the stomach, after which the gastric juices take hold of it and complete the digestion. Drinking water at the table not only dilutes the gastric juices, thereby impairing their strength, but it tends to keep a person from masticating or salivating the food thoroughly. It would be better for children, who invariably have the habit of eating too rapidly and of washing food down with cold water, if water were entirely banished from the American table. Drink water and plenty of it in the early morning, at night and between meals. Water not only absorbs the noxious poisons in our systems, whendrunk between meals, but it enables the kidneys to perform their function of throwing off uric acid, urea, and other noxious substances, which, when not eliminated, cause rheumatism, gout and bilious conditions. As a rule the person who is finally compelled to go to some famous watering-place for treatment could have averted all that expense and trouble by drinking water plentifully and properly at home.—'What to Eat.'

Washing Colored Curtains.

People are afraid to wash colored curtains because they think they will 'run.' A little color may come out, but not much if you do them this way, unless the material is of the very cheapest: To each gallon of water allow a handful of bran. Tie this up loosely in a cloth and boil it in the water. You should allow enough water and bran to provide a washing and a rinsing water. Let the bran actually boil in the water for ten minutes. Then take it out, and into one tub put a level tablespoonful of soap jelly for every gallon of water. Pour half the water on this and half in another tub, without any soap. When the water is cool enough to bear your hand in quite comfortably, put the curtains into the one with the soap in it. Press well down under the water, and leave for ten minutes. Souse up and down till all the dirt seems to be out, and then, without wringing, put into the other bran water. Empty your first tub meanwhile and place it under the cold water tap. Lift the curtains out of the bran water, put them in the cold and, sousing them up and down, let the water run till it looks clear. Then, without wringing, hang on the line, pulling them well into shape. Wringing makes creases that it is almost impossible to afterward remove. When they are about half dry get some one to help you give them a good shaking.

Household Hints.

Bread, if baked five minutes longer than necessary, is dry and insipid. As soon as it does not stick to a knitting needle pressed through the loaf it is done. Remove at once and rub the top crust with butter, then cover with a thick cloth. You will find it delicious and long-keeping. After three days, if a little dry, place it on the toaster three minutes before it is needed. You will be surprised to see how moist it is.

By using the following tests, one may be reasonably sure of getting the proper heat for the various kinds of baking. For sponge cake and pound cake, have heat that will in five minutes turn a piece of white paper yellow. For all other kinds of cut cake, use an oven that will in five minutes turn a piece of white paper dark yellow. For bread and pastries have an oven that will in five minutes turn a piece of white paper dark brown.

An authority on the chemistry of foods cautions housewives against cooling loaves of bread too rapidly after taking them from the oven. 'Much of the souring of bread,' says Dr. Woods, 'is doubtless due to this lack of care during cooling. Owing to the high water contents and the large amount of nitrogenous substances and sugar which bread contains, it is especially, while warm, a good soil for the development of various kinds of moulds and bacteria. A loaf of bread,' he adds, 'hot from the oven taken into a poorly ventilated room filled with people, will become sour in the course of two or three hours.'

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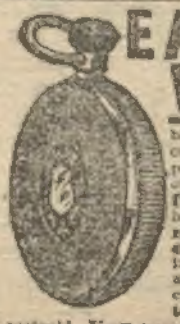

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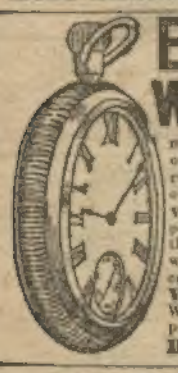

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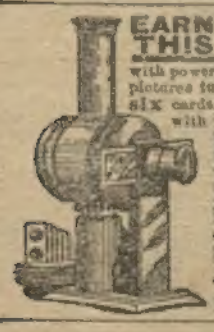

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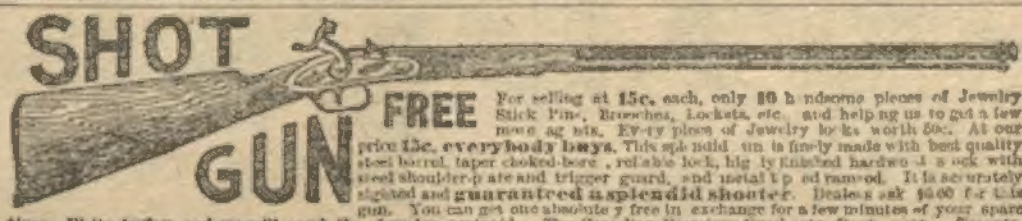

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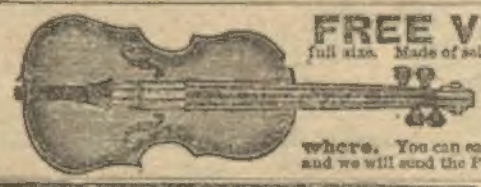

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FREE LADY'S WORK BOX

Made of highly polished hard wood, handsomely decorated with flowers and leaves butterflies and scroll work, all in beautiful colors, with satin pincushion, bodkin, needle-case, embroidery scissors and splendid mirror. Given for selling at **10c.** each only 9 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to get a few more agents. **Nothing sells like our Perfume.** Its fragrance lasts for years. Write to-day and we will send the Perfume postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co., Dept. 418, Toronto**

MORRIS CHAIR EASILY EARNED

by selling at **10c.** each, only **2 doz.** packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders and helping us to get a few more agents. Each package equals 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Every woman buys one or more packages. This handsome **Reclining** Chair is made of the finest Golden Oak, highly polished, upholstered in rich velours with handsome patterns in light, dark or medium colors. The cushions are deeply tufted, all-wool filled and the back can be adjusted to any position. This magnificent piece of furniture will cost you only a little of your spare time. Write to-day and we will send the Flavoring Powders, postpaid. We trust you. **THE HOME SUPPLY CO., DEPT. N. M. TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE GOLD CASED WATCH

given for selling at 15c. each only 10 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins, with beautifully designed tops set with large sparkling imitation, Sapphires, Rubies, Emeralds, etc. and helping us to get a few more agents. They look worth 50c. and sell like hot cakes. This handsome watch is elegantly engraved in solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with imported jewelled works, cylinder escapement, reliable and accurate. Looks worth $50.00. You can easily earn it in a few minutes. Write to-day for Hat Pins and we will send them, postpaid. **JEWELRY CO., Box N. G. Toronto.**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Easy running, swift and powerful, with iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly-wheel and Russian iron burner complete; given for selling at 15c. each only six **Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved gold-finished lever tops set with brilliant, flashing electric diamonds and helping us to get other agents. Nothing sells like our Diamond Collar Buttons. Write to-day and we will send them postpaid. **GEM NOVELTY CO.,** Dept. 421, **Toronto**

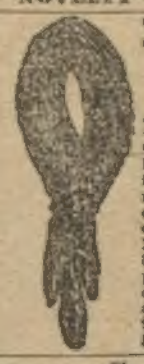
EARN THIS WATCH

by selling at **10c.** each only **10** large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to get other agents. Its fragrance lasts for years. **Nothing sells like it.** Thos. Barry, Amherstburg, Ont., says: "I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes." This handsome watch has polished **Silver nickel** open face case, the back **elaborately engraved,** with keyless wind, imported works, genuine lever escapement, an exact and reliable timekeeper. **With care it will last 10 years.** Write to-day and we will send the Perfume postpaid. **You can** sell it and **earn this watch in a few minutes ROSE PERFUME CO.,** Dept 400, **Toronto.**

FREE

COMBINATION KNIFE AND TOOL SET

given for selling at **15c.** each only **6 Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved, Gold-finished lever tops, set with large, sparkling, Electric Diamonds, and helping us to get a few more Agents. **Everybody buys.** This magnificent knife is a complete tool chest in itself, consisting of, 1, screwdriver; 2, nut-cracker; 3, hoof-cleaner; 4, punch; 5, corkscrew; 6, tweezers; 7, probe; 8, big blade, and 9, little blade. A strong, well-finished knife, made in Sheffield of best quality English steel, with stag handle and name-plate. Write to-day and we will send the collar buttons postpaid. **THE GEM NOVELTY CO., DEPT 404, TORONTO.**



FUR RUFF FREE

Elegant, Soft and Warm. Comfortable and Stylish

Full length, made of soft, warm, glossy, black fur, a perfect imitation of the finest Sable, with real head and three full tails, very pretty. **Given absolutely Free** for selling at **15c.** each only **8** handsome pieces of Jewelry, Stick Pins, Lockets, Cuff Links, Hat Pins, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Every piece of our Jewelry looks worth 50c. At 15c. you can sell the 8 pieces in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. **We trust you. Canadian Premium Syndicate, Dept. N. M. P. Toronto**

FREE SEWING MACHINE

given for selling at 15c. each only 8 fashionable Gold finished Hat Pins with beautifully designed tops set with large, handsome, sparkling, imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Our Hat Pins look worth 50c. At 15c. ALBERT GOLDTHORP, BRANDON, MAN., says: "They sell like hot cakes." This is a real Sewing Machine, well made of finely tempered steel with patent feed motion, stitch regulator and self-setting needle. Just the thing for any kind of light work. Write to-day and we will send the Hat Pins postpaid. Jewelry Co., Dept. NSM Toronto.

FREE GOLD WATCH
LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE

Double Hunting case, beautifully Gold finished and richly engraved in handsome Solid Gold designs, stem wind and set, imported jewelled works, accurate and reliable. A very beautiful Watch. Looks **worth $ 00.00**. We give it for selling at **15c.** each only **1 doz.** fashionable Gold finished Hat Pins, with beautifully designed tops set with large sparkling imitation **Sapphires, Rubies, Emeralds**, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. **Our Hat Pins** look worth 50c. and **sell like hot cakes.** You can **earn this elegant watch in a few minutes.** Write to-day and we will send Hat Pins, postpaid. **JEWELRY CO. BOX N. H., TORONTO**

FREE STEAM FIRE ENGINE

Made entirely of steel, iron and brass, beautifully finished with driving wheel, shaft and piston, polished brass boiler and steam chest, Russian iron furnace compartment, brass steam pump with a suction hose and a long fire hose with brass nozzle, given for selling at **15c.** each only **6** Diamond Collar Buttons with richly engraved Gold-finished tops, set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds, and helping us to get a few more agents. **Everybody buys.** You can earn this wonderful Fire Engine in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Collar Buttons postpaid. **The Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 420, Toronto**

FREE GRAND SOLO ACCORDEON

Beautifully finished, 10 nickel keys, 2 stops, 2 sets of reeds, bellows, nickelled protectors and clasps, given for selling at **10c** each only **10 wonderful Glass Pens** and helping us to get a few more agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are light as a feather, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell everywhere.** You can easily earn this accordeon in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Pens postpaid. **THE TOLEDO PEN CO., DEPT. 402, TORONTO, ONT.**

EARN THIS WATCH

by selling at 10c each only **10** packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders and helping us to get a few more agents. One package equals 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Everybody buys.** This handsome watch has polished **silver nickel** open face case, the back **elaborately engraved**, with keyless wind, imported works, genuine lever escapement, an exact and reliable timekeeper. **With care it will last ten years.** Write to-day and we will send the Flavoring Powders postpaid. **You can** sell them and **earn the watch in a few minutes. THE TOLEDO SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 400, TORONTO, Ontario.**

WALKING DOLL FREE

for selling at **10c.** each only **10** large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume, and helping us to get a few more agents. **Nothing sells like our Perfume.** Its fragrance lasts for years. THOS. BARRY, AMHERSTBURG, ONT., says: "I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes." His **wonderful Walking Doll** is beautifully dressed in satin, trimmed with elegant lace. She has jointed neck and arms, golden ringlets, and when wound up walks as naturally as any living child. Write to-day and we will send the Perfume postpaid. Rose Perfume Co., Dept. 419, Toronto

FUR RUFF FREE

Elegant, Soft and Warm. Comfortable and Stylish. Full length, made of soft, warm, glossy, black fur, a perfect imitation of the finest Sable, with real head and three full tails, very pretty. **Given absolutely Free** for selling at 10c. each only one doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to get a few more agents. **Nothing sells like our Perfume.** Its fragrance lasts for years. THOS. BARRY, AMHERSTBURG, ONT., says: "I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes." Write to-day and we will send the Perfume postpaid. **We trust you.** The Rose Perfume Co., Dept. **408** Toronto

FREE

COMBINATION KNIFE AND TOOL SET

Given for selling at 10c each only 8 **Wonderful Glass Pens** and helping us to get a few more Agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are as light as a feather, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** This magnificent Knife is a Complete Tool Chest in itself, consisting of 1-screw driver, 2-nut cracker, 3-hoof cleaner, 4-punch, 5-corkscrew, 6-tweezers, 7-probe, 8-big blade 9-little blade. A strong, well finished knife, made in Sheffield of the best quality English steel, with stag handle and name plate. Write to-day and we will send the Pens postpaid. **THE TOLEDO PEN CO., DEPT. 404, TORONTO, ONT.**

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, **12c.**, postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401 Toronto.

SHOT GUN FREE

For selling at **15c.** each only **10** cards, each containing 4 Collar Buttons with Gold finished Lever tops and Celluloid backs, and helping us to get a few more agents. Each card of Buttons is worth 40c. **A 15c a Card they are a wonderful bargain.** This Gun is finely made, with best quality steel barrel, taper choke-bored, reliable lock, highly finished hardwood stock with steel shoulder plate and trigger guard, and metal tipped ramrod. It is accurately sighted and **guaranteed a splendid shooter.** Write to-day for the Collar Buttons. The Goldoloid Co., Dept. 403, Toronto.

FREE VIOLIN.

Powerful, Sweet-tone with strings and bow, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings, given for selling at 15c. each only 7 **Diamond Collar Buttons**, with richly engraved Gold finished lever tops, set with large, sparkling Electric Diamonds, and helping us to get a few more agents. **Everybody buys our Collar Buttons.** You can earn this Grand Concert Violin in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Collar Buttons postpaid. **Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 406, Toronto.**

FREE TWO SUPERB RINGS

Both beautifully gold-finished, one set with 3 large handsome Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the rainbow, and the other set with 3 fiery, flashing rich, red Rubies in fancy claw settings. **We give both these handsome Rings** for selling at **10c.** each only **9** large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to secure a few more agents. **Nothing sells like our Perfume. Its fragrance lasts for years.** You can easily earn both these Rings in a few minutes. Thos. Barry, Amherstburg, Ont., says: "I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes." Write to-day and we will send the Perfume, postpaid. The Rose Perfume Co., Dept. 409, Toronto.

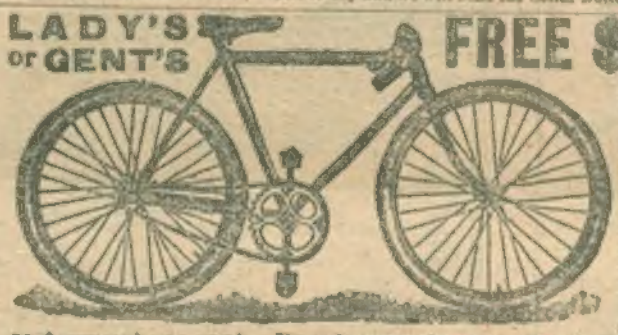
97 PIECES FREE DINNER AND TEA SET

Elegantly decorated English China. 12 Dinner Plates, 12 Tea Plates, 13 Soup Plates, 13 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Fruit Saucers, 12 Butter Pads, 2 Vegetable Dishes, 2 Covers, 1 10-inch Meat Platter, 1 16-inch Meat Platter, 1 Gravy Boat, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl—in all **97 full size Pieces** of handsome decorated China **given away** for selling only 2 doz. packages of delicious Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, at 10c. each, and helping us to secure a few more Agents. Our 10c. packages of Flavoring Powders are equal to 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and are far better. You can sell the whole 2 doz. packages in a few minutes. Every housekeeper buys one or more. This handsome set will not cost you one cent. All the **97 Pieces** are **full size** for family use. **All you have to sell is 2 doz. 10c. packages of our wonderful Flavoring Powders. We trust you fully.** Write to-day and we will send you the Powders postpaid. **Don't miss this Chance. The Home Supply Co., Box N. T. Toronto.**

GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN FREE

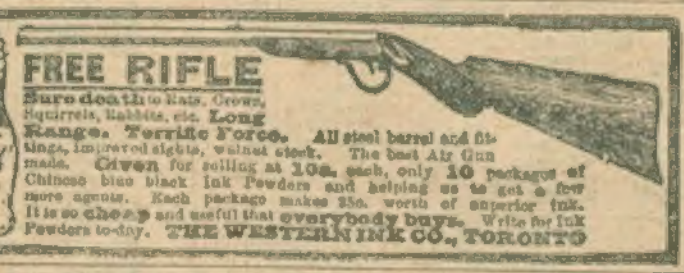
Highly finished holder made of selected hard rubber, elaborately and elegantly chased with ventilated unbreakable cap, improved feed, and genuine **Real Solid Gold Nib.** A handsome Pen good for years of constant use. **Given absolutely Free** for selling at **15c.** each only **5 Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved Gold finished lever tops set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds and helping us to get a few more agents. **Everybody buys.** You can earn this elegant Gold Fountain Pen in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Collar Buttons postpaid. Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 407, Toronto

LADY'S or GENT'S FREE $40.00 BICYCLE



Brand new, Lady's or Gent's, 1902 model. Not one cent to pay. All we ask is a little of your time. **A real Bicycle, High Grade, Brand new,** with every up-to-date feature—best seamless steel tubing, finely enamelled Diamond frame, all other metal parts made from best steel, well finished and handsomely nickel plated; good pneumatic tires, rock elm rims, bar steel hubs, improved saddle, new style handle bars, etc., etc. High grade ball bearings throughout—in fact a regular $40.00 Bicycle free to you for selling only **2** doz. handsome pieces of Jewelry, Hat Pins, Stick Pins, Cuff Links, Brooches, etc., that look worth 50c. at only **15c.** each, and helping us to get a few more agents. Please **remember,** you have to sell only $7.50 worth of Jewelry. **The Bicycle will cost you not one cent. Here is your chance. Don't miss it.** One agent says: "I am well pleased with my Bicycle. It is the easiest running wheel I have ever been on. FRANK CLEMENS, TARA, ONT." Write to-day and we will send you the Jewelry, on credit, postpaid. Address, **The Canadian Premium Syndicate, Box N. B.,** Toronto.

FREE RIFLE



Sure death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels, Rabbits, etc. **Long Range. Terrific Force.** All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. **Given** for selling at **10c.** each, only **10** packages of Chinese blue black Ink Powders and helping us to get a few more agents. Each package makes 25c. worth of superior ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** Write for Ink Powders to-day. **THE WESTERN INK CO., TORONTO**

FACE TO FACE WITH THE MAN IN THE MOON. LARGE POWERFUL TELESCOPE ALMOST GIVEN AWAY

Needed by Farmers, Ranchmen, Sailors, Hunters, Tourists, etc. Of use to everybody. A great source of Amusement and Instruction. Made by the largest Telescope Manufacturer in the World. **Measures nearly 3 ft.** when open. Fitted with **powerful lenses,** carefully ground and adjusted with scientific exactness. Brass bound tubes, both ends protected by brass dust caps. It brings objects miles distant so close that you feel as if you could put out your hand and touch them. **We sold over 1,700** Telescopes last year and all our **customers** were **well pleased** with them and astonished at their cheapness. **William Sites, Blackville, N.B., writes:** "Enclosed find $2.00, for which send me two more Telescopes. I am very much pleased with the one I got, and some friends of mine want one like it." **Alva Froom, Hockaton, Ont., says:** "I received the 99c. Telescope all right. It is a dandy. I would not take three times what I paid for it if I could not get another one like it." **Beattie Gibson, Chilliwack, B.C., writes:** "Your 99c. Telescope brings objects miles away very near to me." Telescopes of this size have **formerly sold** at from **$5.00 to $10.00. Our Special Introductory Price only 99c. postpaid. A Grand Bargain.** Don't miss it. **Mail Order Supply Co., Box 401** Toronto.

Silk 2c.

Remnants from Tie Factories. All new choice material, bright new patterns, endless varieties of colors. All pieces of good size for fancy work. To prove that we are offering a great bargain we will mail samples free to any one who will send a 2-cent stamp to pay the postage. When you see the Silk we know you will be sure to send us a good sized order. Home Supply Co., Dept. N 8 Toronto, Ont

FREE 8-KEY CORNET

Finely shaped and beautifully made of polished nickel, with powerful clear sweet tone, given for selling at **10c.** each only **9 wonderful Glass Pens** and helping us to get a few more agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are light as a feather, never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** Write to-day and we will send the Pens postpaid. **The Toledo Pen Co., Dept 413 Toronto**

FREE GOLD WATCH LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE

Double Hunting Case, beautifully Gold finished and richly engraved in handsome Solid Gold designs, stem wind and set, imported jewelled works, accurate and reliable. A very beautiful watch. Looks **worth $50.00. We give it** for selling at **10c.** each only 12 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to get other agents. **Everybody buys our perfume.** Write to-day and we will send it postpaid. **Rose Perfume Co., Dept. 410, Toronto**

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